

THE *238 d 30*
WORKS
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS.

WITH
P R E F A C E S,
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL.
BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE SIXTY-NINTH.

L O N D O N :

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THE
SIXTY-NINTH VOLUME
OF THE
ENGLISH POETS;
CONTAINING
CUNNINGHAM,
AND
MATTHEW GREEN.

VOL. LXIX.

a



THE
P O E M S,
CHIEFLY
P A S T O R A L,
O F
JOHN CUNNINGHAM.

“Fælix ille, quem, semotum longe e strepitu et popularibus undis, interdum molli rus accipit umbra!”

RAPIN.

“Silvestrem tenui musam meditabor avena.”



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A C A R D

FROM THE

A U T H O R,

T O

DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

REMOTENESS of situation, and some other circumstances, have hitherto deprived the Author of that happiness he might receive from seeing Mr. GARRICK.

'Tis the universal regard his character commands, occasions this address.

It may be thought by many, (at a visit so abrupt as this is) that something highly complimentary should be said on the part of the intruder; but according to the ideas the Author has conceived of Mr. GARRICK's delicacy and good sense, a single period in the garb of flattery would certainly offend him.

He therefore takes his leave;—and after having slept (perhaps a little too forward) to offer his tribute of esteem, respectfully retires.

NEWCASTLE,

AUG. 1771.

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D A Y :

A

P A S T O R A L.

“ ——— Carpe diem.”

HOR.

M O R N I N G.

I.

I N the barn the tenant Cock,
Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock!)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.

II.

Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by night, retire:
And the peeping sun-beam, now,
Paints with gold the village spire.

III.

Philomel forfakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the Lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.

B 3

From

IV.

From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
 See the chatt'ring Swallow spring;
 Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
 Quick she dips her dappled wing.

V.

Now the pine-tree's waving top
 Gently greets the morning gale:
 Kidlings, now, begin to crop
 Daifies, in the dewey dale.

VI.

From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
 (Restless 'till her task be done)
 Now the busy bee's employ'd
 Sipping dew before the sun.

VII.

Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
 Where the limpid stream distills,
 Sweet refreshment waits the flock
 When 'tis sun-drove from the hills.

VIII.

COLIN, for the promis'd corn
 (Ere the harvest hopes are ripe)
 Anxious, hears the huntsman's horn,
 Boldly founding, drown his pipe.

IX.

Sweet,—O sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblossom'd spray!
 Nature's universal song
 Echoes to the rising day.

NOON.

N O O N.

X.

FERVID on the glitt'ring flood,
 Now the noon-tide radiance glows :
 Dropping o'er its infant bud,
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose.

XI.

By the brook the shepherd dines ;
 From the fierce meridian heat
 Shelter'd, by the branching pines,
 Pendent o'er his grassy feat.

XII.

Now the flock forsakes the glade,
 Where, uncheck'd, the sun-beams fall ;
 Sure to find a pleasing shade
 By the ivy'd abby wall.

XIII.

Echo in her airy round,
 O'er the river, rock and hill,
 Cannot catch a single sound,
 Save the clack of yonder mill.

XIV.

Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
 Where the streamlet wanders cool ;
 Or with languid silence stand
 Midway in the marshy pool.

8 CUNNINGHAM'S POEMS.

XV.

But from mountain, dell, or stream,
Not a flutt'ring zephyr springs :
Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
Scorch its soft, its filken wings.

XVI.

Not a leaf has leave to stir,
Nature's lull'd—serene—and still!
Quiet e'en the shepherd's cur,
Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

XVII.

Languid is the landscape round,
'Till the fresh descending shower,
Grateful to the thirsty ground,
Raifes ev'ry fainting flower.

XVIII.

Now the hill—the hedge—is green,
Now the warblers' throats in tune!
Blithsome is the verdant scene,
Brighten'd by the beams of Noon!

EVEN.

EVENING.

XIX.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
Free;—(the furrow'd task is done)
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

XX.

Now he hides behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky:
Can the pencil's mimic skill,
Copy the refulgent dye?

XXI.

Trudging as the plowmen go,
(To the smoaking hamlet bound)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

XXII.

Where the rising forest spreads,
Shelter for the lordly dome!
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home!

XXIII.

As the Lark with vary'd tune,
Carols to the evening loud;
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud!

Now

XXIV.

Now the hermit Howlet peeps
From the barn, or twisted brake :
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

XXV.

As the Trout in speckled pride,
Playful from its bosom springs ;
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges in successive rings.

XXVI.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
With her well-pois'd milking pail.

XXVII.

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the Cuckow bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

THE
CONTEMPLATIST:

A
NIGHT PIECE.

" Nox erat———

" Cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes, pictæque volucres."

I.

THE Queen of CONTEMPLATION, Night,
Begins her balmy reign;
Advancing in their varied light
Her silver-vested train.

II.

'Tis strange, the many marshal'd stars,
That ride yon sacred round,
Should keep, among their rapid cars,
A silence so profound!

III.

A kind, a philosophic calm,
The cool creation wears!
And what Day drank of dewey balm,
The gentle Night repairs.

Behind

IV.

Behind their leafy curtains hid,
 The feather'd race how still!
 How quiet now the gamesome kid,
 That gambol'd round the hill!

V.

The sweets, that bending o'er their banks,
 From fultry Day declin'd,
 Revive in little velvet ranks,
 And scent the western wind.

VI.

The Moon, preceded by the breeze
 That bade the clouds retire,
 Appears amongst the tufted trees,
 A Phœnix nest on fire.

VII.

But soft—the golden glow subsides!
 Her chariot mounts on high!
 And now, in silver'd pomp, she rides
 Pale regent of the sky!

VIII.

Where TIME, upon the wither'd tree
 Hath carv'd the moral chair,
 I sit, from busy passions free,
 And breathe the placid air.

IX.

The wither'd tree was once in prime;
 Its branches brav'd the sky!
 Thus, at the touch of ruthless TIME,
 Shall Youth and Vigour die.

X.

I'm lifted to the blue expanse :

It glows serenely gay !

Come, SCIENCE, by my side, advance,

We'll search the Milky Way.

XI.

Let us descend—The daring flight

Fatigues my feeble mind ;

And SCIENCE, in the maze of light,

Is impotent and blind.

XII.

What are those wild, those wand'ring fires,

That o'er the moorland ran ?

Vapours.—How like the vague desires

That cheat the heart of MAN !

XIII.

But there's a friendly guide!—a flame,

That lambent o'er its bed,

Enlivens, with a gladsome beam,

The hermit's osier shed.

XIV.

Among the russet shades of night,

It glances from afar !

And darts along the dusk ; so bright,

It seems a silver star !

XV.

In coverts, (where the few frequent)

If VIRTUE deigns to dwell,

'Tis thus, the little lamp, CONTENT,

Gives lustre to her cell.

XVI.

How smooth that rapid river slides
 Progressive to the deep!
 The Poppies, pendent o'er its sides,
 Have charm'd the waves to sleep.

XVII.

PLEASURE's intoxicated sons!
 Ye indolent! ye gay!
 Reflect—for as the river runs,
 Life wings its tractless way.

XVIII.

That branching grove of dusky green
 Conceals the azure sky;
 Save, where a starry space between,
 Relieves the darken'd eye.

XIX.

Old ERROR, thus, with shades impure,
 Throws sacred Truth behind:
 Yet sometimes, through the deep obscure,
 She bursts upon the mind.

XX.

Sleep, and her sister Silence reign,
 They lock the Shepherd's fold!
 But hark—I hear a lamb complain,
 'Tis lost upon the wold!

XXI.

To savage herds, that hunt for prey,
 An unresisting prize!
 For having trod a devious way,
 The little Rambler dies.

XXII.

As luckless is the Virgin's lot,
Whom pleasure once misguides :
When hurried from the halcion cot,
Where INNOCENCE presides——

XXIII.

The passions, a relentless train !
To tear the victim run :
She seeks the paths of peace in vain,
Is conquer'd——and undone.

XXIV.

How bright the little insects blaze,
Where willows shade the way ;
As proud as if their painted rays
Could emulate the Day !

XXV.

'Tis thus, the pigmy sons of pow'r
Advance their vain parade !
Thus, glitter in the darken'd hour,
And like the glow-worms fade !

XXVI.

The soft serenity of night,
Ungentle clouds deform !
The silver host that shone so bright,
Is hid behind a storm !

XXVII.

The angry elements engage !
An oak, (an ivied bower !)
Repels the rough wind's noisy rage,
And shields me from the shower.

The

XXVIII.

The rancour, thus, of rushing fate,
 I've learnt to render vain :
 For whilst Integrity's her feat,
 The soul will sit serene.

XXIX.

A raven, from some greedy vault,
 Amidst that cloister'd gloom,
 Bids me, and 'tis a solemn thought!
 Reflect upon the tomb.

XXX.

The tomb!——The consecrated dome!
 The temple rais'd to PEACE!
 The port, that to its friendly home
 Compels the human race!

XXXI.

Yon village, to the moral mind,
 A solemn aspect wears;
 Where sleep hath lull'd the labour'd hind,
 And kill'd his daily cares :

XXXII.

'Tis but the church-yard of the Night;
 An emblematic bed!
 That offers to the mental fight,
 The temporary dead.

XXXIII.

From hence, I'll penetrate, in thought,
 The grave's unmeasur'd deep;
 And tutor'd, hence, be timely taught,
 To meet my final sleep.

XXXIV.

'Tis peace——(The little chaos past!)
The gracious moon restor'd!
A breeze succeeds the frightful blast,
That through the forest roar'd!

XXXV.

The Nightingale, a welcome guest!
Renews her gentle strains;
And HOPE, (just wand'ring from my breast)
Her wonted feat regains.

XXXVI.

Yes——When yon lucid orb is dark,
And darting from on high;
My soul, a more celestial spark,
Shall keep her native sky.

XXXVII.

Fann'd by the light—the lenient breeze,
My limbs refreshment find;
And moral rhapsodies, like these,
Give vigour to the mind.

THE
THRUSH AND PYE:
A T A L E.

CONCEAL'D within an hawthorn bush,
We're told, that an experienc'd Thrush
Instructed, in the prime of spring,
Many a neighbouring bird to sing.
She caroll'd, and her various song
Gave lessons to the list'ning throng:
But (the entangling boughs between)
Twas her delight to teach unseen.

At length, the little wond'ring race
Would see their fav'rite face to face;
They thought it hard to be deny'd,
And begg'd that she'd no longer hide.
O'er-modest, worth's peculiar fault,
Another shade the tut'refs fought;
And loth to be too much admir'd,
In secret from the bush retir'd.

An impudent, presuming Pye,
Malicious, ignorant, and fly,
Stole to the matron's vacant seat,
And in her arrogance elate,
Rush'd forward—with—" My friends, you see
" The mistress of the choir in me :
" Here, be your due devotion paid,
" I am the songstress of the shade."

A Linnet, that sat list'ning nigh,
Made the impostor this reply :
" I fancy, friend, that vulgar throats
" Were never form'd for warbling notes :
" But if these lessons came from you,
" Repeat them in the public view ;
" That your assertions may be clear,
" Let us behold as well as hear."

The length'ning song, the soft'ning strain,
Our chatt'ring Pye attempts in vain,
For to the fool's eternal shame,
All she could compass was a *scream*.

The birds, enrag'd, around her fly,
Nor shelter nor defence is nigh :

The caitiff wretch, distress'd—*forlorn* !
On every side is peck'd and torn !
'Till for her vile, atrocious lies,
Under their angry beaks she dies.

Such be his fate, whose scoundrel claim
Obtrudes upon a neighbour's fame.

Friend E——n*, the tale apply,
You are—yourself—the chatt'ring Pye:
Repent, and with a conscious blush,
Go make atonement to the Thrush †.

P A L E M O N :

A P A S T O R A L.

PALEMONT, seated by his fav'rite maid,
The sylvan scenes, with extasy, survey'd;
Nothing could make the fond Alexis gay,
For Daphne had been absent half the day:
Dar'd by Palemon for a pastoral prize,
Reluctant, in his turn, Alexis tries.

P A L E M O N.

This breeze by the river how charming and soft!
How smooth the grass carpet! how green!
Sweet, sweet sings the lark! as he carols aloft,
His music enlivens the scene!

* A Y—shire Bookseller, who pirated an edition of the *Pleasing Instructor*.

† The Compiler, and reputed Authoress of the Original Essays in that book.

A thou.

A thousand fresh flow'rets unusually gay
 The fields and the forests adorn;
 I pluck'd me some roses, the children of May,
 And could not find one with a thorn.

A L E X I S.

The skies are quite clouded, too bold is the breeze,
 Dull vapours descend on the plain;
 The verdure's all blasted that cover'd yon trees,
 The birds cannot compass a strain:
 In search for a chaplet my temples to bind,
 All day as I silently rove,
 I can't find a flow'ret (not one to my mind)
 In meadow, in garden, or grove.

P A L E M O N.

I ne'er saw the hedge in such excellent bloom,
 The lambkins so wantonly gay;
 My cows seem to breathe a more pleasing perfume
 And brighter than common the day:
 If any dull shepherd should foolishly ask,
 So rich why the landscapes appear?
 To give a right answer, how easy my task!
 Because my sweet Phillida's here.

A L E X I S.

The stream that so muddy moves slowly along,
 Once roll'd in a beautiful tide;
 It seem'd o'er the pebbles to murmur a song,
 But Daphne sat then by my side.

22 CUNNINGHAM'S POEMS.

See, see the lov'd maid, o'er the meadows she hies,
Quite alter'd already the scene!
How limpid the stream is! how gay the blue skies!
The hills and the hedges how green!

THE

HAWTHORN BOWER.

I.

PALEMON, in the hawthorn bower,
With fond impatience lay;
He counted every anxious hour
That stretch'd the tedious day.
The rosy dawn, Pastora nam'd,
And vow'd that she'd be kind;
But ah! the setting sun proclaim'd
That women's vows are—wind.

II.

The fickle sex, the boy defy'd;
And swore, in terms prophane,
That Beauty in her brightest pride
Might sue to him in vain.
When Delia from the neighb'ring glade
Appear'd in all her charms,
Each angry vow Palemon made
Was lost in Delia's arms.

The

ANT AND CATERPILLAR. 23

III.

The Lovers had not long reclin'd
Before Pastora came :
Inconstancy, she cry'd, I find
In every heart's the same ;
For young Alexis sigh'd and prest,
With such bewitching power,
I quite forgot the wishing guest
That waited in the bower.

T H E

ANT AND CATERPILLAR:

A F A B L E.

AS an Ant, of his talents superiourly vain,
Was trotting, with consequence, over the plain,
A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow,
Cry'd—" Bless your good worship wherever you go;
" I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,
" I pay my respects with an hearty good-will."
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,
" Begone, you vile reptile," his *Antship* replied;
" Go—go and lament your contemptible state,
" But first—look at me—see my limbs how com-
plete ;

C 4

I guide

24 CUNNINGHAM'S POEMS.

“ I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,
“ Run backward and forward, and turn when I please:
“ Of nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!
“ I spurn you thus from me——crawl out of my way.”

The reptile insulted, and vexed to the soul,
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;
But nature, determin'd to end his distress,
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.

Ere long the proud Ant, as repassing the road,
(Fatigu'd from the harvest, and tugging his load)
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,
Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd;
His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The Ant quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away.
“ Stop, friend,” says the Butterfly——“ don't be fur-
“ priz'd,
“ I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd;
“ But now I can mount, in the sun-beams I play,
“ While you must, for ever, drudge on in your way.”

M O R A L.

A wretch, though to-day he's o'er-loaded with sorrow,
May soar above those that oppress'd him——to-morrow.

PHILLIS:

P H I L L I S :

A P A S T O R A L B A L L A D.

I.

I Said,—on the banks by the stream,
 I've pip'd for the shepherds too long :
 Oh grant me, ye Muses, a theme,
 Where glory may brighten my song!
 But PAN * bade me stick to my strain,
 Nor lessons too lofty rehearse;
 Ambition befits not a swain,
 And PHILLIS loves pastoral verse,

II.

The rose, tho' a beautiful red,
 Looks faded to PHILLIS's bloom;
 And the breeze from the bean-flower bed
 To her breath's but a feeble perfume :
 The dew-drop so limpid and gay,
 That loose on the violet lies,
 Tho' brighten'd by PHOEBUS's ray,
 Wants lustre, compar'd to her eyes.

* The Author intends the character of PAN for the late Mr. SHENSTONE, who favoured him with a letter or two, advising him to proceed in the Pastoral manner.

III.

A lilly I pluck'd in full pride,
 Its freshness with her's to compare;
 And foolishly thought ('till I try'd)
 The flow'ret was equally fair.
 How, CORYDON, could you mistake?
 Your fault be with sorrow confess'd,
 You said the white swans on the lake
 For softness might rival her breast.

IV.

While thus I went on in her praise,
 My PHILLIS pass'd sportive along:
 Ye poets, I covet no bays,
 She smil'd,——a reward for my song!
 I find the God PAN's in the right,
 No fame's like the fair ones' applause!
 And CUPID must crown with delight
 The shepherd that sings in his cause.

P O M O N A :

A P A S T O R A L.

ON THE CYDER BILL BEING PASSED.

I.

FROM orchards of ample extent,
 Pomona's compell'd to depart;
 And thus, as in anguish she went,
 The Goddess unburthen'd her heart:

II.

" To flourish where Liberty reigns,
 " Was all my fond wishes requir'd;
 " And here I agreed with the swains
 " To live 'till their freedom expir'd.

III.

" Of late you have number'd my trees,
 " And threaten'd to limit my store:
 " Alas—from such maxims as these,
 " I fear that your freedom's no more.

IV.

" My flight will be fatal to May:
 " For how can her gardens be fine:
 " The blossoms are doom'd to decay,
 " (The blossoms, I mean, that were mine.)

" Rich

V.

- “ Rich Autumn remembers me well :
 “ My fruitage was fair to behold !
 “ My pears—how I ripen’d their swell !
 “ My pippins!—were pippins of gold !

VI.

- “ Let Ceres drudge on with her ploughs !
 “ She droops as she furrows the soil ;
 “ A nectar I shake from my boughs,
 “ A nectar that softens my toil.

VII.

- “ When Bacchus began to repine,
 “ With patience I bore his abuse ;
 “ He said that I plunder’d the vine,
 “ He said that I pilfer’d his juice.

VIII.

- “ I know the proud drunkard denies
 “ That trees of my culture should grow :
 “ But let not the traitor advise ;
 “ He comes from the climes of your foe.

IX.

- “ Alas! in your silence I read
 “ The sentence I’m doom’d to deplore :
 “ ’Tis plain the great PAN has decreed,
 “ My orchard shall flourish no more.”

X.

- The Goddesses flew off in despair ;
 As all her sweet honours declin’d :
 And PLENTY and PLEASURE declare,
 They’ll loiter no longer behind.

M A Y - E V E :

O R,

K A T E O F A B E R D E E N.

I.

THE filver moon's enamour'd beam,
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding stream,
 And kifs reflected light.
 To beds of state go balmy sleep,
 ('Tis where you've feldom been)
 May's vigil while the shepherds keep
 With KATE of Aberdeen.

II.

Upon the green the virgins wait,
 In rosy chaplets gay,
 'Till morn unbar her golden gate,
 And give the promis'd May.
 Methinks I hear the maids declare,
 The promis'd May, when feen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As KATE of Aberdeen.

Strike

III.

Strike up the tabor's boldest notes,
 We'll rouse the nodding grove ;
 The nested birds shall raise their throats,
 And hail the maid I love :
 And see—the matin lark mistakes,
 He quits the tufted green :
 Fond bird ! 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis KATE of Aberdeen.

IV.

Now lightsome o'er the level mead,
 Where midnight Fairies rove,
 Like them, the jocund dance we'll lead,
 Or tune the reed to love :
 For see the rosy May draws nigh ;
 She claims a virgin Queen ;
 And hark, the happy shepherds cry
 'Tis KATE of Aberdeen.

KITTY

K I T T Y F E L L.

I.

THE courtly bard, in verse sublime,
 May praise the toasted Belle;
 A country maid (in careless rhyme)
 I sing—my Kitty Fell!

II.

When larks forsake the flow'ry plain,
 And Love's sweet numbers swell,
 My pipe shall join the morning strain,
 In praise of Kitty Fell.

III.

Where woodbines twist their fragrant shade,
 And noontide beams repel,
 I'll rest me on the tufted mead,
 And sing of Kitty Fell.

IV.

When moon-beams dance among the boughs
 That lodge sweet Philomel,
 I'll pour with her my tuneful vows,
 And pant for Kitty Fell.

V.

The pale-faced pedant burns his books;
 The sage forsakes his cell:
 The soldier smooths his martial looks,
 And sighs for Kitty Fell.

Were

VI.

Were mine, ye great, your envy'd lot,
 In gilded courts to dwell;
 I'd leave them for a lonely cot
 With Love and Kitty Fell.

T H Y R S I S.

I.

THE pendent forest seem'd to nod,
 In drowsy fetters bound;
 And fairy elves in circles trod
 The daisy-painted ground:
 When Thyrsis sought the conscious grove,
 Of slighted vows to tell,
 And thus (to sooth neglected love)
 Invok'd sad Philomel:

II.

“ The stars their silver radiance shed,
 “ And silence charms the plain;
 “ But where's my Philomela fled,
 “ To sing her love-lorn strain?
 “ Hither, ah, gentle bird, in haste
 “ Direct thy hov'ring wing:
 “ The vernal green's a dreary waste,
 “ 'Till you vouchsafe to sing.

“ So

III.

“ So thrilling sweet thy numbers flow,
“ (Thy warbling song distress!)
“ The tear that tells the lover’s woe
“ Falls cold upon my breast.
“ To hear sad Philomel complain,
“ Will soften my despair;
“ Then quickly swell the melting strain,
“ And sooth a lover’s care.”

IV.

Give up all hopes, unhappy swain,
A list’ning sage reply’d,
For what can constancy obtain,
From unrelenting pride?
The shepherd droop’d—the tyrant death,
Had seiz’d his trembling frame;
He bow’d, and with departing breath
Pronounc’d Zaphira’s name.

C L A R I N D A.

I.

CLARINDA's lips I fondly press'd,
While rapture fill'd each vein;
And as I touch'd her downy breast,
Its tenant slept serene.

II.

So soft a calm, in such a part,
Betrays a peaceful mind;
Whilst my uneasy, flutt'ring heart,
Would scarcely be confin'd.

III.

A stubborn oak the shepherd sees,
Unmov'd, when storms descend;
But, ah! to ev'ry sporting breeze,
The myrtle bough must bend.

FANNY

FANNY OF THE DALE.

I.

LET the declining damask rose
With envious grief look pale ;
The summer bloom more freely glows
In Fanny of the Dale.

II.

Is there a sweet that decks the field,
Or scents the morning gale ;
Can such a vernal fragrance yield,
As Fanny of the Dale ?

III.

The painted belles, at court rever'd,
Look lifeless, cold, and stale :
How faint their beauties, when compar'd
With Fanny of the Dale !

IV.

The willows bind Pastora's brows,
Her fond advances fail :
For Damon pays his warmest vows
To Fanny of the Dale.

V.

Might honest truth, at last, succeed,
And artless love prevail ;
Thrice happy cou'd he tune his reed,
With Fanny of the Dale !

A
S O N G.

SENT TO CHLOE WITH A ROSE.

TUNE, — THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

I.

YES, every flower that blows,
 I pass'd unheeded by,
 'Till this enchanting Rose
 Had fix'd my wand'ring eye.
 It scented every breeze,
 That wanton'd o'er the stream,
 Or trembled through the trees,
 To meet the morning beam.

II.

To deck that beauteous maid,
 Its fragrance can't excel,
 From some celestial shade
 The damask charmer fell:
 And as her balmy sweets,
 On Chloe's breast she pours,
 The Queen of BEAUTY greets
 The gentle Queen of FLOWERS.

STAN.

S T A N Z A S

ON THE

FORWARDNESS OF SPRING.

“ ———tibi, flores, plenis

“ Ecce ferunt nymphæ calathis.”

VIRG.

I.

O’ER Nature’s fresh bosom, by verdure unbound,
Bleak Winter blooms lovely as Spring :
Rich flow’rets (how fragrant!) rise wantonly round,
And Summer’s wing’d choristers sing!

II.

To greet the young monarch of Britain’s blest isle,
The groves with gay blossoms are grac’d!
The primrose peeps forth with an innocent smile,
And cowslips croud forward in haste!

III.

Dispatch, gentle Flora, the nymphs of your train
’Thro’ woodlands, to gather each sweet :
Go——rob, of young roses, the dew-spangled plain,
And strew the gay spoils at his feet.

IV.

Two chaplets of laurel, in verdure the same,
 For GEORGE, oh ye virgins, entwine!
 From Conquest's own temples these ever-greens came,
 And those from the brows of the Nine!

V.

What honours, ye Britons! (one emblem implies)
 What glory to GEORGE shall belong!
 What Miltons, (the other) what Addisons rise,
 To make him immortal in song!

VI.

To a wreath of fresh Oak, England's emblem of power!
 Whose honours with time shall encrease!
 Add a fair Olive sprig, just unfolding its flow'r,
 Rich token of Concord and Peace!

VII.

Next give him young Myrtles, by Beauty's bright Queen
 Collected—the pride of the grove!
 How fragrant their odour! their foliage how green!
 Sweet promise of conjugal Love!

VIII.

Let Gaul's captive Lillies, cropt close to the ground,
 As trophies of Conquest be ty'd:
 The virgins all cry, "There's not one to be found!
 "Out-bloom'd by his Roses—they dy'd."

IX.

Ye foes of Old England, such fate shall ye share,
 With GEORGE, as our glories advance—
 Thro' envy you'll sicken,—you'll droop,—you'll despair,
 And die—like the Lillies of France.

O N T H E

A P P R O A C H O F M A Y.

I.

THE virgin, when soften'd by MAY,
 Attends to the villager's vows;
 The birds sweetly bill on the spray,
 And poplars embrace with their boughs:
 On Ida bright Venus may reign,
 Ador'd for her beauty above!
 We shepherds that dwell on the plain,
 Hail MAY as the mother of love.

II.

From the West as it wantonly blows,
 Fond Zephir caresses the vine;
 The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
 And willows and woodbines entwine:
 The pinks by the rivulet side,
 That border the vernal alcove,
 Bend downward to kiss the soft tide:
 For MAY is the mother of love.

III.

MAY tinges the butterfly's wing,
 He flutters in bridal array!
 And if the wing'd foresters sing,
 Their music is taught them by MAY.
 The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
 Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
 And murmuring seems to repeat
 That MAY is the mother of love.

IV.

The Goddess will visit you soon,
 Ye virgins be sportive and gay:
 Get your pipes, oh ye shepherds in tune,
 For music must welcome the MAY.
 Would Damon have Phillis prove kind,
 And all his keen anguish remove,
 Let him tell her soft tales, and he'll find
 The MAY is the mother of love.

THE

V I O L E T.

I.

SHELTER'D from the blight ambition,
 Fatal to the pride of rank,
 See me in my low condition,
 Laughing on the tufted bank.

II.

On my robes (for emulation)
 No variety's imprest :
 Suited to an humble station,
 Mine's an unembroider'd vest.

III.

Modest tho' the maids declare me,
 MAY in her fantastic train,
 When PASTORA deigns to wear me,
 Ha'n't a flow'ret half so vain.

THE

N A R C I S S U S.

I.

AS pendent o'er the limpid stream
 I bow'd my snowey pride,
 And languish'd in a fruitless flame,
 For what the Fates deny'd;
 The fair PASTORA chanc'd to pass,
 With such an angel air,
 I saw her in the wat'ry glass,
 And lov'd the rival fair.

II.

Ye fates, no longer let me pine,
 A self-admiring sweet,
 Permit me, by your grace divine,
 To kiss the fair-one's feet:
 That if by chance the gentle maid
 My fragrance should admire,
 I may,——upon her bosom laid,
 In sister sweets expire.

T H E

M I L L E R :

A B A L L A D.

I.

IN a plain pleasant cottage, conveniently neat,
 With a mill and some meadows—a freehold estate,
 A well-meaning miller, by labour supplies,
 Those blessings that grandeur to great ones denies :

No passions to plague him, no cares to torment,
 His constant companions are Health and Content;
 Their lordships in lace may remark, if they will,
 He's honest, tho' daub'd with the dust of his mill.

II.

Ere the lark's early carols salute the new day,
 He springs from his cottage as jocund as May;
 He cheerfully whistles, regardless of care,
 Or sings the last ballad he bought at the fair :

While

44 CUNNINGHAM'S POEMS.

While courtiers are toil'd in the cobwebs of state,
Or bribing elections, in hopes to be great,
No fraud or ambition his bosom e'er fill,
Contented he works, if there's grist for his mill.

III.

On Sunday bedeck'd in his homespun array,
At church he's the loudest to chaunt or to pray;
He sits to a dinner of plain English food,
Tho' simple the pudding, his appetite's good.

At night, when the priest and exciseman are gone,
He quaffs at the alehouse with Roger and John,
Then reels to his pillow, and dreams of no ill;
No monarch more blest than the man of the mill.

A

L A N D S C A P E.

"Rura mihi & irrigui placeant in vallibus amnes."

VIRG.

I.

NOW that Summer's ripen'd bloom
Frolicks where the winter frown'd,
Stretch'd upon these banks of broom,
We command the landscape round.

Nature

II.

Nature in the prospect yields
Humble dales, and mountains bold,
Meadows, woodlands, heaths,—and fields
Yellow'd o'er with waving gold.

III.

Goats upon that frowning steep,
Fearless, with their kidlings brouse!
Here a flock of snowy sheep!
There an herd of motly cows!

IV.

On the uplands, every glade
Brightens in the blaze of day;
O'er the vales, the sober shade
Softens to an evening grey.

V.

Where the rill, by slow degrees,
Swells into a crystal pool,
Shaggy rocks and shelving trees
Shoot to keep the waters cool.

VI.

Shiver'd by a thunder-stroke,
From the mountain's misty ridge,
O'er the brook a ruin'd oak,
Near the farm-house, forms a bridge.

VII.

On her breast the sunny beam
Glitters in meridian pride;
Yonder as the virgin stream
Hastens to the restless tide :—

Where

VIII.

Where the ships by wanton gales
 Wafted, o'er the green waves run,
 Sweet to see their swelling sails
 Whiten'd by the laughing fun!

IX.

High upon the daisied hill,
 Rising from the slope of trees,
 How the wings of yonder mill
 Labour in the busy breeze!—

X.

Cheerful as a summer's morn,
 (Bouncing from her loaded pad)
 Where the maid presents her corn,
 Smirking, to the miller's lad.

XI.

O'er the green a festal throng
 Gambols, in fantastic trim!
 As the full cart moves along,
 Hearken——'tis their harvest hymn!

XII.

Linnets on the crouded sprays
 Chorus,—and the wood-larks rise,
 Soaring with a song of praise,
 'Till the sweet notes reach the skies.

XIII.

Torrents in extended sheets
 Down the cliffs, dividing, break:
 'Twixt the hills the water meets,
 Settling in a silver lake!

From

XIV.

From his languid flocks, the swain,
By the sunbeams fore oppress'd,
Plunging on the wat'ry plain,
Plows it with his glowing breast.

XV.

Where the mantling willows nod,
From the green bank's slopy side,
Patient, with his well-thrown rod,
Many an angler breaks the tide!

XVI:

On the isles, with osiers dress'd,
Many a fair-plum'd halcyon breeds!
Many a wild bird hides her nest,
Cover'd in yon crackling reeds.

XVII.

Fork-tail'd pratlers as they pass
To their nestlings in the rock,
Darting on the liquid glass,
Seem to kiss the mimic'd flock.

XVIII.

Where the stone Cross lifts its head,
Many a faint and pilgrim hoar,
Up the hill was wont to tread,
Barefoot, in the days of yore.

XIX.

Guardian of a sacred well,
Arch'd beneath yon reverend shades,
Whilome, in that shatter'd cell,
Many an hermit told his beads.

Sultry

XX.

Sultry mists furround the heath
Where the gothic dome appears,
O'er the trembling groves beneath,
Tott'ring with a load of years.

XXI.

Turn to the contrasted scene,
Where, beyond these hoary piles,
Gay, upon the rising green,
Many an attic building smiles!

XXII.

Painted gardens—grots—and groves,
Intermingling shade and light!
Lengthen'd vistas, green alcoves,
Join to give the eye delight.

XXIII.

Hamlets—villages, and spires,
Scatter'd on the landscape lie,
'Till the distant view retires,
Closing in an azure sky.

MELODY.

M E L O D Y.

I.

L IGHTSOME as convey'd by sparrows,
 Love and Beauty cross'd the plains,
 Flights of little pointed arrows
 Love dispatch'd among the swains :

But so much our shepherds dread him,
 (Spoiler of their peace profound)
 Swift as scudding fawns they fled him,
 Frighted, tho' they felt no wound.

II.

Now the wanton God grown slier,
 And for each fond mischief ripe,
 Comes disguis'd in PAN's attire,
 Tuning sweet an oaten pipe :

Echo, by the winding river,
 Doubles his delusive strains;
 While the boy conceals his quiver,
 From the slow returning swains.

III.

As Palemon, unsuspecting,
 Prais'd the fly musician's art,
 Love, his light disguise rejecting,
 Lodg'd an arrow in his heart:

Cupid will enforce your duty,
 Shepherds, and would have you taught,
 Those who timid fly from BEAUTY,
 May by MELODY be caught.

D E L I A :

A P A S T O R A L.

I.

THE gentle swan with graceful pride
 Her glossy plumage laves,
 And sailing down the silver tide,
 Divides the whisp'ring waves:

The silver tide, that wand'ring flows,
 Sweet to the bird must be!
 But not so sweet—blyth Cupid knows,
 As DELIA is to me.

II.

A parent bird, in plaintive mood,
 On yonder fruit-tree sung,
 And still the pendent nest she view'd,
 That held her callow young:

Dear

Dear to the mother's flutt'ring heart
 The genial brood must be ;
 But not so dear (the thousandth part !)
 As DELIA is to me.

III.

The roses that my brow furround
 Were natives of the dale ;
 Scarce pluck'd, and in a garland bound,
 Before their sweets grew pale!

My vital bloom would thus be froze,
 If luckless torn from thee ;
 For what the root is to the rose,
 My DELIA is to me.

IV.

Two doves I found, like new-fall'n snow,
 So white the beauteous pair !
 The birds to DELIA I'll bestow,
 They're like her bosom fair !

When, in their chaste connubial love,
 My secret wish she'll see ;
 Such mutual bliss as turtles prove,
 May DELIA share with me.

THE

SYCAMORE SHADE:

A BALLAD.

I.

T'Other day as I sat in the Sycamore shade,
 Young Damon came whistling along,
 I trembled—I blush'd—a poor innocent maid!
 And my heart caper'd up to my tongue:

Silly heart, I cry'd, fie! What a flutter is here!
 Young Damon designs you no ill;
 The shepherd's so civil, you've nothing to fear,
 Then prythee, fond urchin, lie still.

II.

Sly Damon drew near, and knelt down at my feet,
 One kiss he demanded—No more!
 But urg'd the soft pressure with ardour so sweet,
 I could not begrudge him a score:

My lambkins I've kiss'd, and no 'change ever found,
 Many times as we play'd on the hill;
 But Damon's dear lips made my heart gallop round,
 Nor would the fond urchin lie still.

When

III.

When the sun blazes fierce, to the Sycamore shade

For shelter, I'm sure to repair;

And, virgins, in faith I'm no longer afraid,

E: Altho' the dear shepherd be there:

At ev'ry fond kiss that with freedom he takes,

My heart may rebound if it will;

There's something so sweet in the bustle it makes,

I'll die ere I bid it lie still.

DAMON AND PHILLIS:

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

"Donec gratus eram," &c.

HOR.

DAMON.

WHEN Phillis was faithful, and fond as she's
fair,

I twisted young roses in wreaths for my hair;

But ah! the sad willow's a shade for my brows,

For Phillis no longer remembers her vows!

To the groves with young Colin the shepherdes flies,

While Damon disturbs the still plains with his sighs.

E 3

PHIL-

54 CUNNINGHAM'S POEMS.

PHILLIS.

Bethink you, false Damon, before you upbraid,
When Phœbe's fair lambkin had yesterday stray'd,
Thro' the woodlands you wander'd, poor Phillis forgot!
And drove the gay rambler quite home to her cot;
A swain so deceitful no damsel can prize;
'Tis Phæbe, not Phillis, lays claim to your sighs.

DAMON.

Like summer's full season young Phœbe is kind,
Her manners are graceful, untainted her mind!
The sweets of contentment her cottage adorn,
She's fair as the rose-bud, and fresh as the morn!
She smiles like Pomona—These smiles I'd resign,
If Phillis were faithful, and deign'd to be mine.

PHILLIS.

On the tabor young Colin so prettily plays,
He sings me sweet sonnets, and writes in my praise!
He chose me his true-love last Valentine-day,
When birds fat like bridegrooms all pair'd on the spray;
Yet I'd drive the gay shepherd far, far from my mind,
If Damon, the rover, were constant and kind.

DAMON.

Fine folks, my sweet Phillis, may revel and range,
But fleeting's the pleasure that's founded on change!
In the villager's cottage such constancy springs,
That peasants with pity may look down on kings.
To the church then let's hâzen, our transports to bind,
And Damon will always prove faithful and kind.

PHIL-

W A R N I N G.

55

P H I L L I S.

To the church then let's hasten, our transports to
bind,
And Phillis will always prove faithful and kind.

T H E

W A R N I N G.

I.

YOUNG Colin once courted Myrtilla the prude,
If he sigh'd or look'd tender, she cry'd he was
rude;
Tho' he begg'd with devotion, some ease for his
pain,
The shepherd got nothing but frowns and disdain.
Fatigu'd with her folly, his suit he gave o'er,
And vow'd that no female should fetter him more.

II.

He strove with all caution to 'scape from the net,
But Chloe soon caught him,—a finish'd coquet!
She glanc'd to his glances, she sigh'd to his sighs,
And flatter'd his hopes—in the language of eyes.
Alas for poor Colin! when put to the test,
Himself and his passion prov'd both but her jest.

E 4

By

III.

By the critical third he was fix'd in the snare;
 By Fanny—gay, young, unaffected, and fair;
 When she found he had merit, and love took his part,
 She dally'd no longer—but yielded her heart.
 With joy they submitted to Hymen's decree,
 And now are as happy—as happy can be.

IV.

As the rosebud of beauty soon sickens and fades,
 The prude and coquet are two slighted old maids;
 Now their sweets are all wasted,—too late they repent,
 For transports untasted, for moments mispent!
 Ye virgins take warning, improve by my plan,
 And fix the fond youth when you prudently can.

H O L I D A Y G O W N.

I.

IN holiday gown, and my newfangled hat,
 Last Monday I tript to the fair;
 I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
 Brisk Roger I guefs'd wou'd be there:

He woos me to marry whenever we meet,
 There's honey sure dwells on his tongue!
 He hugs me so close, and he kisses so sweet,
 I'd wed—if I were not too young.

Fond

II.

Fond Sue, I'll assure you, laid hold on the boy,
(The vixen wou'd fain be his bride)
Some token she claim'd, either ribbon or toy,
And swore that she'd not be deny'd :

A top-knot be bought her, and garters of green,
Pert Susan was cruelly stung ;
I hate her so much, that, to kill her with spleen,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

III.

He whisper'd such soft pretty things in mine ear !
He flatter'd, he promis'd, and swore !
Such trinkets he gave me, such laces and gear,
That trust me,—my pockets ran o'er :

Some ballads he bought me, the best he cou'd find,
And sweetly their burthen he sung ;
Good faith he's so handsome, so witty, and kind,
I'd wed—if I were not too young.

IV.

The sun was just setting, 'twas time to retire,
(Our cottage was distant a mile)
I rose to be gone—Roger bow'd like a squire,
And handed me over the stile :

His arms he threw round me—love laugh'd in his eye,
He led me the meadows among,
There prest me so close, I agreed, with a sigh,
To wed—for I was not too young.

DAPHNE:

D A P H N E :

A S O N G.

I.

NO longer, Daphne, I admire
 The graces in thine eyes;
 Continu'd coyness kills desire,
 And famish'd passion dies.
 Three tedious years I've sigh'd in vain,
 Nor could my vows prevail;
 With all the rigours of disdain,
 You scorn'd my amorous tale.

II.

When Celia cry'd, how senseless she,
 That has such vows refus'd;
 Had Damon giv'n his heart to me,
 It had been kinder us'd.
 The man's a fool that pines and dies;
 Because a woman's coy;
 The gentle bliss that one denies,
 A thousand will enjoy.

III.

Such charming words, so void of art,
 Surprising rapture gave;
 And tho' the maid subdu'd my heart,
 It ceas'd to be a slave:

A wretch

A wretch condemn'd, shall Daphne prove;
 While blest without restraint,
 In the sweet calendar of love
 My Celia stands—a saint.

C O R Y D O N:

A P A S T O R A L.

To the Memory of WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq.

I.

COME, shepherds, we'll follow the hearse,
 We'll see our lov'd CORYDON laid:
 Tho' sorrow may blemish the verse,
 Yet let a sad tribute be paid.
 They call'd him the pride of the plain;
 In sooth he was gentle and kind!
 He mark'd on his elegant strain
 The graces that glow'd in his mind.

II.

On purpose he planted yon trees,
 That birds in the covert might dwell;
 He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
 But never wou'd rifle their cell.

Ye

D A P H N E :

A S O N G.

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That birds in the covert might dwell;
He cultur'd his thyme for the bees,
But never wou'd rife their cell.

Ye

60 CUNNINGHAM'S POEMS.

Ye lambkins that play'd at his feet,
Go bleat—and your master bemoan;
His music was artless and sweet,
His manners as mild as your own.

III.

No verdure shall cover the vale,
No bloom on the blossoms appear;
The sweets of the forest shall fail,
And winter discolour the year.
No birds in our hedges shall sing,
(Our hedges so vocal before)
Since he that should welcome the spring,
Salutes the gay season no more.

IV.

His PHILLIS was fond of his praise,
And poets came round in a throng;
'They listen'd—they envy'd his lays,
But which of them equal'd his song?
Ye shepherds, henceforward be mute,
For lost is the pastoral strain;
So give me my CORYDON's flute,
And thus—let me break it in twain.

DAMON

D A M O N A N D P H O E B E.

I.

W H E N the sweet rosy morning first peep'd
 from the skies,
 A loud singing lark bade the villagers rise ;
 The cowslips were lively—the primroses gay,
 And shed their best perfumes to welcome the May :
 The swains and their sweethearts all rang'd on the
 green,
 Did homage to Phœbe—and hail'd her their Queen.

II.

Young Damon step'd forward : he sung in her praise,
 And Phœbe bestow'd him a garland of bays :
 May this wreath, said the fair one, dear Lord of my
 vows,
 A crown for true merit, bloom long on thy brows :
 The swains and their sweethearts that danc'd on the
 green,
 Approv'd the fond present of Phœbe their Queen.

III.

'Mongst lords and fine ladies, we shepherds are told,
 The dearest affections are barter'd for gold ;
 That discord in wedlock is often their lot,
 While Cupid and Hymen shake hands in a cot :
 At the church with fair Phœbe since Damon has been,
 He's rich as a Monarch—she's blest as a Queen.

A P A S-

A

PASTORAL HYMN

TO JANUS.

ON THE BIRTH OF THE QUEEN.

"Te primum pia thura rogent—te vota salutent,
" ———te colat omnis honos."

MART. ad Janum

I.

TO JANUS, gentle shepherds! raise a shrine:
His honours be divine!

And as to mighty PAN with homage bow:

'To him, the virgin troop shall tribute bring;

Let him be hail'd like the green-liveried spring,
Spite of the wint'ry storms that stain his brow.

II.

The pride, the glowing pageantry of MAY,
Glides wantonly away:

But JANUARY, in his rough-spun vest,

Boasts the full blessings that can never fade,

He that gave birth to the illustrious maid,

Whose beauties make the BRITISH MONARCH blest!

Coul

III.

Could the soft Spring with all her funny showers,
The frolic nurse of flowers!

Or flaunting Summer, flush'd in ripen'd pride,
Could they produce a finish'd sweet so rare:

Or from his golden stores, a gift so fair,
Say, has the fertile Autumn e'er supply'd?

IV.

Henceforward let the hoary month be gay

As the white-hawthorn'd MAY!

The laughing goddess of the Spring disown'd,

HER rosy wreath shall on HIS brows appear,

Old JANUS as he leads, shall fill the year,

And the less fruitful AUTUMN be dethron'd.

V.

Above the other months supremely blest,

Glad JANUS stands confest!

He can behold with retrospective face

The mighty blessings of the year gone by:

Where, to connect a Monarch's nuptial tie,

Assembled ev'ry glory, ev'ry grace!

VI.

When he looks forward on the flatt'ring year,

The golden hours appear:

As in the sacred reign of Saturn, fair:

Britain shall prove from this propitious date,

Her honours perfect, victories complete,

And boast the brightest hopes, a BRITISH HEIR.

*** The above little poem was written on supposition that her Majesty's birth-day was *really* in the month of January.

A N

A N

I N S C R I P T I O N

On the House at MAVIS-BANK, near EDINBURGH

SITUATED IN A GROVE.

Parva domus! nemerosa quies!
Sis tu, quoque nostris
Hospitium, laribus, subsidiumque diu!
Flora tuas ornet postes, Pomona que mensas!
Conferat ut varias fertilis hortus opes!
Et volucres pictæ cingentes voce canora,
Retia sola canent quæ sibi tendit amor!
Floriferi colles, dulces mihi sæpe recessus
Dent, atque hospitibus gaudia plena meis!
Concedatque Deus nunquam, vel sero senescas,
Seroque terrenas experiare vices!
Integra reddantur quæ plurima sæcula rodant
Detur, et ut senio pulchrior eniteas.

THE

INSCRIPTION IMITATED.

I.

PEACE has explor'd this silvan scene,
 She courts your calm retreat,
 Ye groves of variegated green,
 That grace my genial seat!

Here, in the lap of lenient ease,
 (Remote from mad'ning noise)
 Let me delude a length of days,
 In dear domestic joys!

II.

Long may the parent Queen of Flow'rs
 Her fragrance here display!
 Long may she paint my mantling bow'rs,
 And make my portals gay!

For you—my yellow gardens, fail
 To swell Pomona's hoard!
 Shall the plenteous, rich regale—
 Replenish, long, my board!

III.

Pour through the groves your carols clear,
 Ye birds, nor bondage dread :
 If any toils entangle here,
 'Tis those which Love hath spread.

Where the green hill so gradual slants,
 Or flowery glade extends,
 Long may these fair, these fav'rite haunts
 Prove social to my friends !

IV.

May you preserve perpetual bloom,
 My happy halcion feat !
 Or if fell time denounce thy doom,
 Far distant be its date !

And when he makes, with iron rage,
 Thy youthful pride his prey,
 Long may the honours of thy age
 Be reverenc'd in decay !

ANOTHER
INSCRIPTION

ON THE SAME HOUSE.

*Hanc in gremio resonantis sylvæ
Aquis, hortis, aviumque garritu,
Cæterisque ruris honoribus,
Undique renidentem villam,
Non magnificam——non superbam;
At qualen vides,
Commodam, mundam, genialem
Naturæ parem, socians artem.
Sibi, suisque
Ad vitam placide,
Et tranquille agendum
Designavit, instruxitque.*

D. I. C.

I M I T A T E D.

I.

IN the deep bosom of my grove
 A sweet recess survey!
 Where birds, with elegies of love,
 Make vocal every spray.
 A sylvan spot, with woods—with waters crown'd,
 With all the rural honours blooming round!

II.

This little, but commodious feat
 (Where nature weds with art)
 A'nt to the EYE superbly great,
 Its beauties charm the HEART.
 Here, may the happy founder and his race
 Pass their full days in harmony and peace!

CO N.

C O N T E N T :

A

P A S T O R A L.

I.

O'ER moorlands and mountains, rude, barren,
 and bare,
 As wilder'd and weary'd I roam,
 A gentle young shepherdess fees my despair,
 And leads me—o'er lawns—to her home:
 Yellow sheaves from rich CERES her cottage had
 crown'd,
 Green rushes were strew'd on her floor,
 Her casement, sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
 And deck'd the sod seats at her door.

II.

We fate ourselves down to a cooling repast,
 Fresh fruits! and she cull'd me the best;
 While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
 Love sily stole into my breast!
 told my soft wishes; she sweetly reply'd,
 (Ye virgins, her voice was divine!)
 ve rich ones rejected, and great ones deny'd,
 But take me, fond shepherd—I'm thine.

III.

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek!
 So simple, yet sweet, were her charms!
 I kiss'd the ripe roses that glow'd on her cheek,
 And lock'd the dear maid in my arms.
 Now jocund together we tend a few sheep,
 And if, by yon prattler, the stream,
 Reclin'd on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

IV.

Together we range o'er the slow rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views,
 Or rest on the rock whence the streamlet distils,
 And point out new themes for my muse.
 To pomp or proud titles she ne'er did aspire,
 The damsel's of humble descent;
 The cottager, PEACE, is well known for her fire,
 And shepherds have nam'd her CONTENT.

CORYDON AND PHILLIS:

A PASTORAL.

I.

HER sheep had in clusters crept close by the grove,
 To hide from the rigours of day;
 And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
 Among the fresh violets lay:

A young-

A youngling, it seems, had been stole from its dam,
 ('Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot)
 That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
 Arrive at this critical spot.

II.

As through the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
 He saw the sweet maid with surprize ;
 "Ye Gods, if so killing," he cry'd, "when she
 "sleeps,
 "I'm lost when she opens her eyes!
 "To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
 "I'll onwards, my lambkin to trace:"
 In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
 For love had him nail'd to the place.

III.

"Hush, hush'd be these birds, what a bawling they
 "keep!"
 He cry'd, "you're too loud on the spray,
 "Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's
 "asleep;
 "You'll wake her as sure as 'tis day:
 "How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet
 maid!
 "Her cheek he mistakes for the rose;
 "I'd pat him to death, if I was not afraid
 "My boldness would break her repose."

IV.

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile,
 " Kind shepherd," she said, " you mistake ;
 " I laid myself down just to rest me a while,
 " But trust me, have still been awake :"
 The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
 He plac'd himself close by her side,
 And manag'd the matter, I cannot tell how,
 But yesterday made her his bride.

A N

E L E G Y

O N A

P I L E O F R U I N S.

" Aspice murorum moles, præruptaque saxa !"

JANUS VITALIS.

" Omnia, tempus edax depascitur, omnia carpit."

SENECA.

I.

IN the full prospect yonder hill commands,
 O'er barren heaths, and cultivated plains ;
 The vestige of an ancient abbey stands,
 Close by a ruin'd castle's rude remains.

Half

II.

Half buried, there, lie many a broken bust,
 And obelisk, and urn, o'erthrown by TIME;
 And many a cherub, there, descends in dust
 From the rent roof, and portico sublime.

III.

The rivulets, oft frightened at the sound
 Of fragments, tumbling from the tow'rs on high,
 Plunge to their source in secret caves profound,
 Leaving their banks and pebbly bottoms dry.

IV.

Where rev'rend shrines in gothic grandeur stood,
 The nettle, or the noxious night-shade spreads;
 And ashlings, wafted from the neighb'ring wood,
 Thro' the worn turrets wave their trembling heads.

V.

There Contemplation, to the crowd unknown,
 Her attitude compos'd, and aspect sweet!
 Sits musing on a monumental stone,
 And points to the MEMENTO at her feet.

VI.

Soon as fage ev'ning check'd day's funny pride,
 I left the mantling shade in moral mood;
 And seated by the maid's sequester'd fide,
 Sigh'd, as the mould'ring monuments I view'd.

VII.

Inexorably calm, with silent pace
 Here TIME has pass'd—What ruin marks his way!
 This pile, now crumbling o'er its hallow'd base,
 Turn'd not his step, nor could his course delay.
 Religion

VIII.

Religion rais'd her supplicating eyes
 In vain; and Melody her song sublime:
 In vain, Philosophy, with maxims wise,
 Would touch the cold unfeeling heart of TIME.

IX.

Yet the hoar tyrant, tho' not mov'd to spare,
 Relented when he struck its finish'd pride;
 And partly the rude ravage to repair,
 The tott'ring tow'rs with twisted ivy ty'd.

X.

How solemn is the cell o'ergrown with moss,
 That terminates the view, yon cloister'd way!
 In the crush'd wall, a time-corroded cross,
 Religion like, stands mould'ring in decay!

XI.

Where the mild sun, thro' faint-encypher'd glass,
 Illum'd with mellow light yon dusky isle,
 Many rapt hours might Meditation pass,
 Slow moving 'twixt the pillars of the pile!

XII.

And Piety, with mystic-meaning beads,
 Bowing to faints on every side inurn'd,
 Trod oft the solitary path that leads
 Where now the sacred altar lies o'erturn'd!

XIII.

'Thro' the grey grove, between those with'ring trees,
 'Mongst a rude group of monuments, appears
 A marble-imag'd matron on her knees,
 Half wasted, like a Niobe in tears:

XIV.

Now levell'd in the dust her darling's laid!
 Death pitied not the pride of youthful bloom;
 Nor could maternal piety dissuade,
 Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.

XV.

The relics of a mitred saint may rest,
 Where, mould'ring in the niche, his statue stands;
 Now nameless as the croud that kiss'd his vest,
 And crav'd the benediction of his hands.

XVI.

Near the brown arch, redoubling yonder gloom,
 The bones of an illustrious Chieftain lie;
 Strac'd among the fragments of his tomb,
 The trophies of a broken FAME imply.

XVII.

Oh! what avails, that o'er the vassal plain,
 His rights and rich demesnes extended wide!
 That honour and her knights compos'd his train,
 And chivalry stood marshal'd by his side!

XVIII.

Tho' to the clouds his castle seem'd to climb,
 And frown'd defiance on the desperate foe;
 Tho' deem'd invincible, the conqueror, TIME,
 Level'd the fabric, as the founder, low.

XIX.

Where the light lyre gave many a soft'ning sound,
 Ravens and rooks, the birds of discord, dwell;
 And where Society sat sweetly crown'd,
 Eternal Solitude has fix'd her cell.

The

XX.

The lizard, and the lazy lurking bat,
 Inhabit now, perhaps, the painted room,
 Where the sage matron and her maidens sat,
 Sweet-finging at the silver-working loom.

XXI.

The traveller's bewilder'd on a waste;
 And the rude winds incessant seem to roar,
 Where, in his groves with arching arbours grac'd,
 Young lovers often sigh'd in days of yore.

XXII.

His aqueducts, that led the limpid tide
 To pure canals, a chrystal cool supply!
 In the deep dust their barren beauties hide:
 TIME's thirst, unquenchable, has drain'd them dry!

XXIII.

Tho' his rich hours in revelry were spent,
 With Comus, and the laughter-loving crew;
 And the sweet brow of beauty still unbent,
 Brighten'd his fleecy moments as they flew:

XXIV.

Fleet are the fleecy moments! fly they must;
 Not to be stay'd by masque or midnight roar!
 Nor shall a pulse among that mould'ring dust
 Beat wanton at the smiles of Beauty more!

XXV.

Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
 Protract, but for a day, precarious breath?
 Or the tun'd follower of the sacred Nine
 Sooth, with his melody, infatiate death!

XXVI.

No—Tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
 Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around;
 Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of fate
 Strikes the devoted victim to the ground!

XXVII.

What then avails Ambition's wide stretch'd wing,
 The Schoolman's page, or pride of Beauty's bloom!
 The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd king,
 Level'd, lie mix'd promiscuous in the tomb.

XXVIII.

The Macedonian monarch, wise and good,
 Bade, when the morning's rosy reign began,
 Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
 "PHILIP! remember, thou'rt no more than man.

XXIX.

"Tho' glory spread thy name from pole to pole:
 "Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and just;
 "PHILIP, reflect, thou'rt posting to the goal,
 "Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust!"

XXX.

So SALADIN, for arts and arms renown'd,
 (Egypt and Syria's wide domains subdu'd)
 Returning with imperial triumphs crown'd,
 Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd:

XXXI.

And as he rode, high in his regal car,
 In all the purple pride of conquest dress'd;
 Conspicuous, o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
 Plac'd, pendent on a spear, his burial vest:

While

XXXII.

While thus the herald cry'd—"This son of pow'r,
 "This SALADIN, to whom the nations bow'd,
 "May, in the space of one revolving hour,
 "Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud!"

XXXIII.

Search where Ambition rag'd, with rigour steel'd,
 Where Slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
 And say, while memory weeps the blood-stain'd field,
 Where lies the chief, and where the common man!

XXXIV.

Vain then are pyramids, and motto'd stones,
 And monumental trophies rais'd on high!
 For TIME confounds them with the crumbling bones
 That mix'd in hasty graves unnotic'd lie.

XXXV.

Rests not beneath the turf the peasant's head,
 Soft as the lord's, beneath the labour'd tomb?
 Or sleeps one colder, in his close clay bed,
 Than t'other in the wide vault's dreary womb?

XXXVI.

Hither, let LUXURY lead her loose-rob'd train;
 Here flutter PRIDE, on purple-painted wings:
 And from the moral prospect learn—how vain
 The wish, that sighs for sublunary things!

A

S O N G.

I.

HE that Love hath never try'd,
Nor had Cupid for his guide,
Cannot hit the passage right
To the palace of delight.

II.

What are honours, regal wealth,
Florid youth, and rosy health?
Without Love his tribute brings,
Impotent, unmeaning things!

III.

Gentle shepherds, persevere,
Still be tender, still sincere;
Love and Time, united, do
Wonders, if the heart be true.

S A P P H O's

S A P P H O ' s H Y M N

T O

V E N U S

I M I T A T E D.

I.

HAIL! (with eternal beauty blest!
O'er heav'n and earth ador'd!)
Hail, Venus! 'Tis thy slave's request,
Her peace may be restor'd:
Break the fond bonds, remove the rankling smart,
And bid thy tyrant son from Sappho's soul depart.

II.

Once you descended, Queen of Love,
At Sappho's bold desire,
From the high roofs of sacred Jove,
Thy ever glorious fire!
I saw thy dusky pinion'd sparrows bear
Thy chariot, rolling, light, thro' the rejoicing air.

III.

No transient visit you design'd,
Your wanton birds depart;
And with a look, divinely kind,
That sooth'd my flutt'ring heart:
"Sappho, say you, What sorrow breaks thy rest?
"How can I give relief to thy conflicting breast?"

"Is

IV.

- " Is there a youth severely coy,
 " My fav'rite would subdue?
 " Or has she lost some wand'ring boy,
 " To plighted vows untrue?
 " Spread thy soft nets, the rambler shall return,
 " And with new lighted flames, more fond, more
 " fiercely burn.

V.

- " Thy proffer'd gifts tho' he deride,
 " And scorn thy glowing charms,
 " Soon shall his every art be try'd
 " To win thee to his arms:
 " Tho' he be now as cold as virgin snow,
 " The victim, in his turn, shall like rous'd *Ætna*
 " glow."

VI.

- Thee, Goddess, I again invoke,
 These mad desires remove!
 Again I've felt the furious stroke
 Of irresistible Love:
 Bid gentle peace to Sappho's breast return,
 Or make the youth she loves with mutual ardour burn.

A N A C R E O N.

O D E LVIII. I M I T A T E D.

AS I wove with wanton care,
 Fillets for a virgin's hair,
 Culling for my fond design,
 What the fields had fresh and fine :
 CUPID,—and I mark'd him well,
 Hid him in a cowslip bell ;
 While he plum'd a pointed dart,
 Fated to inflame the heart.

Glowing with malicious joy,
 Sudden I secur'd the boy ;
 And, regardless of his cries,
 Bore the little frightened prize
 Where the mighty goblet stood,
 Teeming with a rosy flood.

Urchin, in my rage I cry'd,
 What avails thy saucy pride ?
 From thy busy vengeance free,
 Triumph now belongs to me !
 Thus—I drown thee in my cup ;
 Thus—in wine I drink thee up.

Fatal

Fatal was the nectar'd draught
 That to murder Love I quaff'd,
 O'er my bosom's fond domains,
 Now the cruel tyrant reigns :
 On my heart's most tender strings,
 Striking with his wanton wings
 I'm for ever doom'd to prove
 All the insolence of love.

A N A C R E O N.

O D E IX. I M I T A T E D.

T H E

D O V E.

TELL me, said I, my beauteous Dove
 (If an ambassadress from Love)
 Tell me, on what soft errand sent,
 Thy gentle flight is this way bent ?

Ambrosial sweets thy pinions shed
 As in the quivering breeze they spread !

A message, says the bird, I bear
 From fond Anacreon to the fair ;
 A virgin of celestial grace !
 The Venus of the human race !

G 2

Me,

Me, for an hymn, or amorous ode,
 The Paphian Venus once bestow'd
 To the sweet bard ; for whom I'd fly
 Unwearied to the farthest sky.

Thro' the soft air he bade me glide,
 (See, to my wing his billet's ty'd)
 And told me, 'twas his kind decree,
 When I return'd, to set me free.

'Twould prove me but a simple bird
 To take Anacreon at his word :
 Why should I hide me in the wood,
 Or search for my precarious food,
 When I've my master's leave to stand
 Cooing upon his friendly hand ;
 When I can be profusely fed
 With crumbs of his ambrosial bread,
 And welcom'd to his nectar bowl,
 Sip the rich drops that fire the soul ;
 'Till in fantastic rounds I spread
 My fluttering pinions o'er his head :

Or if he strike the trembling wire,
 I perch upon my fav'rite lyre ;
 'Till lull'd into luxuriant rest,
 Sleep steals upon my raptur'd breast.

Go, stranger—to your business—go,
 I've told you all you wish'd to know :
 Go, stranger,—and I think you'll say,
 This prattling Dove's an arrant Jay.

T H E
D A N C E.

A N A C R E O N T I C.

H A R K ! the speaking strings invite,
 Music calls us to delight :
 See the maids in measures move,
 Winding like the maze of love.
 As they mingle, madly gay,
 Sporting Hebe leads the way.

On each glowing cheek is spread,
 Rosy Cupid's native red ;
 And from ev'ry sparkling eye,
 Pointed darts at random fly.
 LOVE, and active YOUTH, advance
 Foremost in the sprightly dance.

As the magic numbers rise,
 Through my veins the poison flies ;
 Raptures, not to be exprest,
 Revel in my throbbing breast.
 Jocund as we beat the ground,
 LOVE and HARMONY go round.

Every maid (to crown his bliss)
 Gives her youth a rosy kiss;
 Such a kiss as might inspire
 Thrilling raptures—soft desire:
 Such Adonis might receive,
 Such the Queen of Beauty gave,
 When the conquer'd Goddess strove
 (In the conscious myrtle grove)
 To inflame the boy with love.

Let not Pride our sports restrain,
 Banish hence the Prude, DISDAIN!
 Think—ye virgins, if you're coy,
 Think—ye rob yourselves of joy;
 Every moment you refuse,
 So much extasy you lose:
 Think—how fast these moments fly:
 If you should too long deny,
 Love and Beauty both will die.

A N A C R E O N.

O D E XIV. I M I T A T E D.

W H Y did I with Love engage!
 Why provoke his mighty rage!

True it is the wand'ring child,
 Met me with an aspect mild,

And

And besought me like a friend,
At his gentle shrine to bend.
True, from my mistaken pride,
Due devotion was deny'd,
'Till (because I would not yield)
Cupid dar'd me to the field.

Now I'm in my armour clasp'd,
Now the mighty lance is grasp'd,
But an *Achileian* spear
Would be ineffectual here,
While the poison'd arrows fly
Hot, as lightning from the sky.

Wounded, thro' the woods I run,
Follow'd still by Beauty's son,
Arrows in malignant showers,
Still the angry urchin pours;
'Till exhausting all his store,
(When the quiver yields no more)
See the God—a living dart,
Shoots *himself* into my heart.

Freedom I must, now, resign,
Victory, oh Love, is thine!
What can outward actions win
When the battle burns within!

I M I T A T I O N

FROM

A N A C R E O N.

FILL me that capacious cup,
 Fill it, to the margin up;
 From my veins the thirsty day
 Quaffs the vital strength away.

Let a wreath my temples shield,
 Fresh from the enamell'd field;
 These declining roses bow,
 Blasted by my sultry brow.

Flowrets, by their friendly aid,
 From the Sunbeams form a shade:
 Let me from my heart require,
 (Glowing with intense desire)

Is there, in the deepest grove,
 Shelter from the BEAMS of Love?

ANA-

N A N A C R E O N.

O D E XXXIII. I M I T A T E D.

T O T H E

S W A L L O W.

S OON as summer glads the sky,
Hither, gentle bird, you fly;
And with golden sunshine blest,
Build your pretty plaster'd nest.

When the seasons cease to smile,
(Wing'd for Memphis or the Nile)
Charming bird, you disappear
'Till the kind succeeding year.

Like the Swallow, **LOVE**, depart!
Respite for a while my heart.

No, he'll never leave his nest,
Tyrant tenant of my breast!
There a thousand **WISHES** try
On their callow wings to fly;

There

There you may a thousand tell,
 Pertly peeping thro' the shell :
 In a state unfinish'd, rise
 Thousands of a smaller size.

'Till their noisy chirpings cease,
 Never shall my heart have peace.

Feather'd ones the younglings feed,
 'Till mature they're fit to breed ;
 Then, to swell the crowded store,
 They produce their thousands more :
 Nor can mighty numbers count
 In my breast their vast amount.

THE

P I C T U R E :

A T A L E.

A Portrait, at my Lord's command,
 Completed by a curious hand :
 For dabblers in the nice *Vertû*
 His Lordship set the piece to view,
 Bidding their Connoisseurships tell,
 Whether the work was finish'd well.
 Why—says the loudest, on my word,
 'Tis not a *Likeness*, good my Lord ;

Nor, to be plain, for speak I must,
 Can I pronounce one feature just.
 Another effort strait was made,
 Another portraiture essay'd;
 The judges were again besought,
 Each to deliver what he thought.
 Worse than the first—the critics bawl;
 O what a mouth! how *monstrous* small!
 Look at the cheeks—how lank and thin!
 See, what a most prepos't'rous chin!
 After remonstrance made in vain,
 I'll, says the painter, once again,
 (If my good Lord vouchsafes to sit)
 Try for a more successful hit:
 If you'll to-morrow deign to call,
 We'll have a piece to please you all.
 To-morrow comes—a picture's plac'd
 Before those spurious sons of taste——
 In their opinions all agree,
 This is the vilest of the three.
 “ Know—to confute your envious pride,
 (His Lordship from the canvas cry'd)
 “ Know—that it is my real face,
 “ Where you could no resemblance trace:
 “ I've try'd you by a lucky trick,
 “ And prov'd your GENIUS to the quick.
 “ Void of all judgment—justice—sense,
 “ Out—ye pretending varlets—hence.”
 The Connoisseurs depart in haste,
 Despis'd—detected—and disgrac'd.

T H E

T H E

W I T C H :

A T A L E.

A Witch, that from her ebon chair,
 Could hurl destruction thro' the air,
 Or, at her all commanding will,
 Make the tumultuous ocean still :
 Once, by an incantation fell,
 (As the recording Druids tell)
 Pluck'd the round moon, whose radiant light
 Silver'd the sober noon of night,
 From the domain she held above,
 Down to a dark, infernal grove.

Give me, the Goddess cry'd, a cause,
 Why you disturb my sacred laws ?
 Look at my train,—yon wand'ring host !
 See how the trembling stars are lost !
 Thro' the celestial regions wide,
 Why do they range without a guide !
Chaos, from our confusion, may
 Hope for his old detested sway.

I'm,

I'm, says the Witch, severely crost,
 Know that my fav'rite Squirrel's lost :
 Search——for I'll have creation torn,
 If he's not found before the morn.

H :

Soon as the impious charge was giv'n—
 From the tremendous stores of heaven,
 Jove with a bolt——revengeful!——red !
 Struck the detested monster dead.

If there are slaves to pity blind,
 With power enough to plague mankind,
 That for their own nefarious ends,
 Tread upon Freedom and her Friends,
 Let 'em beware the WITCH's fate !
 When their presumption's at the height,
 Jove will his angry powers assume,
 And the curs'd miscreants meet their doom.

R E P U T A T I O N :

A N A L L E G O R Y .

TO travel far as the wide world extends,
 Seeking for objects that deserv'd their care,
 Virtue set forth, with two selected friends,
 Talent refin'd, and Reputation fair.

I'm,

As

As they went on, in their intended round,

Talent first spoke, " My gentle comrades, say,
 " Where each of you may probably be found,
 " Should Accident divide us on the way.

" If torn (she added) from my lov'd allies,

" A friendly patronage I hope to find,

" Where the fine arts from cultivation rise,

" And the sweet muse hath harmonized mankind."

Says Virtue, " Did Sincerity appear,

" Or meek-ey'd Charity among the great ;

" Could I find courtiers from corruption clear,

" 'Tis among these I'd seek for my retreat.

" Could I find patriots, for the public weal

" Affiduous, and without their selfish views ;

" Could I find priests of undissembled zeal,

" 'Tis among those my residence I'd chuse.

" In glitt'ring domes let Luxury reside ;

" I must be found in some sequester'd cell,

" Far from the paths of avarice or pride,

" Where home-bred happiness delights to dwell."

" Ye may be trac'd, my gentle friends, 'tis true,

" But who (says Reputation) can explore

" My flipp'ry steps ?——Keep, keep *me* in your view,

" *If I'm once lost, you'll never find me more.*"

T H E
R O S E A N D B U T T E R F L Y :
A F A B L E.

A T day's early dawn a gay Butterfly spied
A budding young Rose, and he wish'd her his
bride :

She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,
And tenderly told him—he need not despair.

Their faith was soon plighted, as lovers will do,
He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with delay,
The bloom of a rose passes quickly away,
And the pride of a butterfly dies in a day. }

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,
From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies ;
Nor did he revisit his bride, 'till the sun
Had less than one-fourth of his journey to run.

The Rose thus reproach'd him—' Already so cold !
' How feign'd, O you false one, the passion you told !
' 'Tis an age since you left me : ' She meant a few
hours ;

But such we'll suppose the fond language of flowers :

' I saw

- I saw when you gave the base violet a kiss:
- How—how could you stoop to a meanness like this?
- Shall a low, little wretch, whom we Roses despise,
- Find favour, O love! in my Butterfly's eyes?
- On a tulip, quite tawdry, I saw your fond rape,
- Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape:
- Dull daffodils too, were with ardour address'd,
- And poppies, ill-scented, you kindly caress'd.

The coxcomb was piqu'd, and reply'd with a sneer,
 • That you're first to complain, I commend you, my
 • dear!

- But know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,
- And if I'm inconstant, I copy from you.
- I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms,
- I saw how you simper'd and smil'd in his arms;
- The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown,
- You favour'd besides—O dishonour!—a drone;
- Yet worse—'tis a crime that you must not deny,
- Your sweets were made common, false Rose, to a
 • fly.'

M O R A L.

This law, long ago, did Love's Providence make,
 That ev'ry Coquet should be curs'd with a Rake.

T H E

SHEEP AND THE BRAMBLE-BUSH:

A F A B L E.

A Thick-twisted brake, in the time of a storm,
 Seem'd kindly to cover a sheep :
 So snug, for a while, he lay shelter'd and warm,
 It quietly sooth'd him asleep.

The clouds are now scatter'd—the winds are at
 peace ;

The sheep to his pasture inclin'd :
 But ah ! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,
 His coat is left forfeit behind.

My friend, who the thicket of law never try'd,
 Consider before you get in ;
 Tho' judgement and sentence are pass'd on your
 side,
 By Jove, you'll be fleec'd to the skin.

T H E
F O X A N D T H E C A T.
A F A B L E.

THE Fox and the Cat, as they travell'd one day,
With moral discourses cut shorter the way:
' 'Tis great (says the Fox) to make justice our guide!
' How godlike is mercy!' Grimalkin reply'd.

Whilst thus they proceeded,—a Wolf from the wood,
Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,
Rush'd forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,
And seiz'd for his supper an innocent Sheep.
' In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,
' When mutton's at hand, (says the Wolf) I must eat.'

Grimalkin's astonish'd,—the Fox stood aghast,
To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.
' What a wretch, (says the Cat)—'tis the vilest of
 ' brutes:
' Does he feed upon flesh, when there's herbage,
 ' —and roots?'
Cries the Fox—' While our oaks give us acorns so good,
' What a tyrant is this, to spill innocent blood?'

Well,

Well, onward they march'd, and they moraliz'd still,
'Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by a
mill;

Sly Reynard survey'd them with gluttonous eyes,
And made (spite of morals) a pullet his prize.

A Moufe too, that chanc'd from her covert to stray,
The greedy Grimalkin secur'd as her prey.

A Spider that sat in her web on the wall,
Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their fall;
She cry'd——' Of such murders how guiltless am I!
So ran to regale on a new taken fly.

M O R A L.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we blame,
But tax not ourselves, tho' we practise the same.

H Y M E N.

W H E N Chloe, with a blush comply'd,
To be the fond Nicander's bride,
His wild imagination ran
On raptures never known by man.
How high the tides of fancy swell,
Expression must despair to tell.

H 2

A painter

A painter call'd,—Nicander cries,
 “ Descending from the radiant skies,
 “ Draw me a bright, a beauteous boy,
 “ The herald of connubial joy !
 “ Draw him with all peculiar care,
 “ Make him beyond Adonis fair ;
 “ Give to his cheeks a roseate hue,
 “ Let him have eyes of heav’nly blue,
 “ Lips soft’ning in nectarious dew ;
 “ A lustre o’er his charms display,
 “ More glorious than the beams of day.
 “ Expect, Sir, if you can succeed,
 “ A premium for a Prince indeed.”

His talents streight the painter try’d,
 And ere the nuptial knot was ty’d,
 A picture in the noblest taste
 Before the fond Nicander plac’d.

The lover thus arraign’d his skill,
 “ Your execution’s monstrous ill !
 “ A different form my fancy made ;
 “ You’re quite a bungler at the trade.
 “ Where is the robe’s luxuriant flow ?
 “ Where is the cheek’s celestial glow ?
 “ Where are the looks so fond and free ?
 “ ’Tis not an Hymen, Sir, for me.”

The painter bow’d—with this reply,
 “ My colours an’t, your Honour, dry ;

“ When

" When time has mellow'd ev'ry tint,
 " 'Twill please you—or the deuce is in't ;
 " I'll watch the happy change, and then
 " Attend you with my piece again."

In a few months the painter came
 With a performance—(still the same :)

" Take it away,"—the husband cry'd,
 " I have repeated cause to chide :
 " Sir, you should all excesses shun ;
 " This is a picture overdone !
 " There's too much ardour in that eye,
 " The tincture on the cheeks too high !
 " The robes have a lascivious play,
 " The attitude's too loosely gay.
 " Friend, on the whole, this piece, for me,
 " Is too luxuriant—far too free."

The painter thus—" The faults you find
 " Are form'd in your capricious mind ;
 " To passion a devoted slave,
 " The first directions, Sir, you gave ;
 " Possession has repell'd the flame,
 " Nor left a sentiment the same.

" My picture is design'd to prove
 " The changes of precarious love.

" On the next stair-case rais'd on high,
 " Regard it with a curious eye ;

" As to the first steps you proceed,
 " 'Tis an accomplish'd piece indeed!
 " But as you mount some paces higher,
 " Is there a grace that don't expire?"

So various is the human mind,
 Such are the frailties of mankind,
 What at a distance charm'd our eyes,
 After attainment—droops—and dies.

F O R T U N E:

A N

A P O L O G U E.

F A B U L A N A R R A T U R.

I.

JOVE and his senators, in sage debate
 For Man's felicity, were settling laws,
 When a rude roar that shook the sacred gate,
 Turn'd their attention to enquire the cause.

II.

A long-ear'd wretch, the loudest of his race,
 In the rough garniture of grief array'd,
 Came brawling to the high imperial place,
 " Let me have justice, JUPITER!"—he bray'd.

" I am

III.

- " I am an Afs, of innocence allow'd
 " The type, yet FORTUNE persecutes me still;
 " While foxes, wolves, and all the murd'ring crowd,
 " Beneath her patronage can rob and kill.

IV.

- " The pamper'd horse (he never toil'd so hard!)
 " Favour and friendship from his owner finds;
 " For endless diligence,—(a rough reward!)
 " I'm cudgel'd by a race of paltry hinds.

V.

- " On wretched provender compell'd to feed!
 " The rugged pavement ev'ry night my bed!
 " For me, dame FORTUNE never yet decreed
 " The gracious comforts of a well-thatch'd shed.

VI.

- " Rough and unseemly's my irreverent hide!
 " Where can I visit, thus uncouthly dress'd?
 " That outside elegance the dame deny'd,
 " For which her fav'rites are too oft carefs'd.

VII.

- " To suff'ring virtue, sacred Jove, be kind!
 " From FORTUNE's tyranny pronounce me free!
 " She's a deceiver if she says she's blind,
 " She sees, propitiously sees all—but me."

VIII.

The plaintiff could articulate no more:

His bosom heav'd a most tremendous groan!

The race of long ear'd wretches join'd the roar,

'Till Jove seem'd tott'ring on his high-built throne.

IX.

The Monarch, with an all-commanding found,
 (Deepen'd like thunder thro' the rounds of space)
 Gave order,—That dame FORTUNE should be found,
 To answer, as she might, the plaintiff's case.

X.

Soldiers and citizens, a seemly train!
 And lawyers and physicians, fought her cell:
 With many a schoolman—But their search was vain:
 Few can the residence of FORTUNE tell.

XI.

Where the wretch Avarice was wont to hide
 His gold, his emeralds, and rubies rare;
 'Twas rumour'd that dame FORTUNE did reside,
 And Jove's ambassadors were posted there.

XII.

Meagre and wan, in tatter'd garments drest,
 A feeble porter at the gate they found:
 Doubled with wretchedness—with age distressed,
 And on his wrinkled forehead Famine frown'd.

XIII.

“ Mortals avaunt, (the trembling spectre cries)
 “ Ere you invade those sacred haunts, beware!
 “ To guard Lord Avarice from rude surprize,
 “ I am the centinel—my name is Care.

XIV.

“ Doubts, Disappointments, Anarchy of mind,
 “ These are the soldiers that surround his hall:
 “ And ev'ry Fury that can lash mankind,
 “ Rage, Rancour, and Revenge attend his call.
 “ For-

XV.

“ FORTUNE’S gone forth, you seek a wand’ring dame,
 “ A settled residence the harlot scorns :
 “ Curse on such visitants, she never came,
 “ But with a cruel hand she scatter’d thorns !

XVI.

“ To the green vale, yon shelt’ring hills surround,
 “ Go forward, you’ll arrive at Wisdom’s cell :
 “ Would you be taught where FORTUNE may be found,
 “ None can direct your anxious search so well.”

XVII.

Forward they went, o’er many a dreary spot :
 (Rough was the road, as if untrod before)
 ’Till from the casement of a low-roof’d cot
 Wisdom perceiv’d them, and unbarr’d her door.

XVIII.

Wisdom, (she knew of FORTUNE but the name)
 Gave to their questions a serene reply :
 “ Hither, (she said) if e’er that Goddess came,
 “ I saw her not—she pass’d unnotic’d by.

XIX.

“ Abroad with Contemplation oft I roam,
 “ And leave to Poverty my humble cell :
 “ She’s my domestic, never stirs from home,
 “ If FORTUNE has been here, ’tis she can tell.

XX.

“ The matron eyes us from yon mantling shade,
 “ And see her sober footsteps this way bent !
 “ Mark by her side a little rose-lipp’d maid,
 “ ’Tis my young daughter, and her name’s Content.”

As

XXI.

As Poverty advanc'd with lenient grace,

“ FORTUNE (she cry'd) hath never yet been here:
 “ But Hope, a gentle neighbour of this place,
 “ Tells me, her highness may, in time, appear.

XXII.

“ Felicity, no doubt, adorns their lot,
 “ On whom her golden bounty beams divine!
 “ Yet tho' she never reach our rustic cot,
 “ Patience will visit us—we sha'n't repine.”

XXIII.

After a vast (but unavailing) round,
 The messengers returning in despair,
 On an high hill a fairy mansion found,
 And hop'd the Goddess, FORTUNE, might be there.

XXIV.

The dome, so glitt'ring, it amaz'd the sight,
 ('Twas adamant, with gems encrusted o'er)
 Had not a casement to admit the light,
 Nor could Jove's deputies descry the door.

XXV.

But eager to conclude a tedious chace,
 And anxious to return from whence they came,
 Thrice they invok'd the Genius of the place,
 Thrice utter'd, awfully, Jove's sacred name.

XXVI.

As Echo from the hill announc'd high Jove,
 Illusion and her fairy dome withdrew:
 (Like the light mists by early sunbeams drove)
 And FORTUNE stood reveal'd to public view.

XXVII.

Of for that happiness high courts deny'd,
 To this receptacle dame FORTUNE ran:
 When harass'd, it was here she us'd to hide,
 From the wild suits of discontented Man.

XXVIII.

Prostrate, the delegates their charge declare,
 (Happy the courtier that salutes her feet!)
 FORTUNE receiv'd them with a flatt'ring air,
 And join'd them 'till they reach'd Jove's judgment
 seat.

XXIX.

Men of all ranks at that illustrious place
 Were gather'd; tho' from diff'rent motives keen:
 Many—to see dame FORTUNE's radiant face,
 Many—by radiant FORTUNE to be seen.

XXX.

Jove smil'd, as on a fav'rite he esteems,
 He gave her, near his own, a golden seat:
 Fair FORTUNE's an adventurer, it seems,
 The deities themselves are glad to greet.

XXXI.

“ Daughter, (says JUPITER) you're fore accus'd!
 “ Clamour incessantly reviles your name!
 “ If by the rancour of that wretch abus'd,
 “ Be confident, and vindicate your fame.

XXXII.

“ Tho' pester'd daily with complaints from Man,
 “ Through this conviction I record them not—
 “ Let my kind providence do all it can,
 “ None of that species ever lik'd his lot.

“ But

XXXIII.

- “ But the poor quadrupede that now appeals!
 “ Can wanton cruelty the weak pursue!
 “ Large is the catalogue of woes he feels,
 “ And all his wretchedness he lays to you.”

XXXIV.

- “ Ask him, high JUPITER—(reply'd the dame)
 “ In what he has excell'd his long-ear'd class?
 “ Is FORTUNE (a divinity) to blame
 “ That she descends not to regard——an Ass?”

XXXV.

- Fame enter'd in her rolls the sage reply;
 The dame, defendant, was discharg'd with grace!
 “ Go—to the plaintiff, said the Sire) and try
 “ By merit to surmount your low-born race.

XXXVI.

- “ Learn from the Lion to be just and brave,
 “ Take from the Elephant instruction wise;
 “ With gracious breeding like the Horse behave,
 “ Nor the sagacity of Hounds despise.

XXXVII.

- “ These useful qualities with care imbibe,
 “ For which some quadrupedes are justly priz'd:
 “ Attain those talents that adorn each tribe,
 “ And you'll no longer be a wretch despis'd.”

A M A N T O M Y M I N D.

(WROTE AT THE REQUEST OF A LADY.)

I.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and stale virgins
despis'd,
To all batchelors greeting, these lines are premis'd;
I'm a maid that would marry, but where shall I find
(I wish not for fortune) a man to my mind?

II.

Not the fair-weather fop, fond of fashion and lace;
Not the 'squire, that can wake to no joys but the chace;
Not the free-thinking rake, whom no morals can bind:
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

III.

Not the ruby-fac'd sot, that topos world without end;
Not the drone, who can't relish his bottle and friend;
Not the fool, that's too fond; nor the churl that's
unkind:
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

IV.

Not the wretch with full bags, without breeding or
merit;
Not the Flash, that's all fury without any spirit;
Not

Not the fine master Fribble, the scorn of mankind :
Neither this—that—nor t'other's the man to my mind.

V.

But the youth in whom merit and sense may conspire,
Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should
admire ;

In whose heart love and truth are with honour combin'd :
This—this—and no other's the man to my mind.

W I T H A

P R E S E N T.

I.

LET not the hand of AMITY be nice !
Nor the poor tribute from the heart disclaim ;
A trifle shall become a pledge of price,
If friendship stamps it with her sacred name.

II.

The little rose that laughs upon its stem,
One of the sweets with which the gardens teem,
In value soars above an eastern gem,
If tender'd as the token of esteem.

III.

Had I vast hoards of massy wealth to send,
Such as your merits might demand—their due !
Then should the golden tribute of your friend
Rival the treasures of the rich Peru.

FANCY:

F A N C Y :

A SONG IN A PANTOMIME ENTERTAINMENT.

I.

FANCY leads the fetter'd senses
Captives to her fond controul;
Merit may have rich pretences,
But 'tis FANCY fires the soul.

II.

Far beyond the bounds of meaning
FANCY flies, a fairy Queen!
FANCY, wit and worth disdaining,
Gives the prize to HARLEQUIN.

III.

If the virgin's false, forgive her,
FANCY was your only foe:
CUPID claims the dart and quiver,
But 'tis FANCY twangs the bow.

LOVE

LOVE AND CHASTITY:
A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

FROM the high mount *, whence sacred groves
depend,
Diana and her virgin troop descend;
And while the buskin'd maids with active care,
The business of the daily chase prepare,
A favourite nymph steps forward from the throng,
And thus, exulting, swells the jovial song.

A I R.

Jolly HEALTH springs aloft at the loud sounding
horn,
Unlock'd from soft SLUMBER's embrace;
And JOY sings an hymn to salute the sweet morn,
That smiles on the nymphs of the chase:
The rage of fell Cupid no bosom prophanes,
No rancour disturbs our delight,
All the day with fresh VIGOUR we sweep o'er the
plains,
And sleep with CONTENTMENT all night.

* Mount LATMOS.

RECIT.

R E C I T.

Their clamour rous'd the slighted God of Love :

He flies, indignant, to the sacred grove :

Immortal myrtles wreath his golden hair,

His rosy wings perfume the wanton air ;

Two quivers fill'd with darts his fell designs declare. }

A crimson blush o'erspread Diana's face,

A frown succeeds—She stops the springing chace, }

And thus, forbids the boy the consecrated place. }

A I R.

Fond disturber of the heart,

From these sacred shades depart :

Here's a blooming troop disdains

Love, and his fantastic chains.

Sisters of the silver bow,

Pure and chaste as virgin snow,

Melt not at thy feeble fires,

Wanton God of wild desires !

R E C I T.

Rage and revenge divide Love's little breast,

Whilst thus the angry Goddess he address :

A I R.

Virgin snow does oft remain

Long unmelted on the plain,

'Till the glorious God of day

Smiles, and wastes its pride away.

VOL. LXIX.

I

What

114 CUNNINGHAM'S POEMS.

What is Sol's meridian fire
To the darts of strong desire !
Love can light a raging flame
Hotter than his noontide beam.

R E C I T.

Now, through the forest's brown embower'd ways,
With careless steps the young Endymion strays :
His form erect !—loose flows his lovely hair,
His glowing cheeks like youthful Hebe's fair !
His graceful limbs with ease and vigour move,
His eyes—his ev'ry feature form'd for love :
Around the list'ning woods attentive hung,
Whilst thus, invoking sleep, the shepherd sung :

A I R.

Where the pebbled streamlet glides
Near the wood nymph's rustic grot,
If the God of Sleep resides,
Or in Pan's sequester'd cot :
Hither if he'll lightly tread,
Follow'd by a gentle dream,
We'll enjoy this grassy bed,
On the bank beside the stream.

R E C I T.

As on the painted turf the shepherd lies,
Sleep's downy curtain shades his lovely eyes ;
And now a sporting breeze his bosom shews,
As marble smooth, and white as Alpine snows :

The

The Goddess gaz'd, in magic softness bound ;
 Her silver bow falls useless to the ground !
 Love laugh'd, and, sure of conquest, wing'd a dart
 Unerring, to her undefended heart.
 She feels in ev'ry vein the fatal fire,
 And thus persuades her virgins to retire :

A I R.

I.

Ye tender maids be timely wise !
 Love's wanton fury shun !
 In flight alone your safety lies,
 The daring are undone !

II.

Do blue-ey'd doves, serenely mild,
 With vultures, fell, engage !
 Do lambs provoke the lion wild,
 Or tempt the tyger's rage !

III.

No, no, like fawns, ye virgins fly,
 To secret cells remove ;
 Nor dare the doubtful combat try
 'Twixt CHASTITY and LOVE.

A M P H I T R I O N.

R E C I T A T I V E.

AMPHITRION and his bride, a godlike pair!
 He brave as Mars, and she as Venus fair;
 On thrones of gold in purple triumph plac'd,
 With matchless splendour held the nuptial feast:
 Whilst the high roof with loud applauses rung,
 Enraptur'd, thus, the happy hero sung:

A I R.

Was mighty Jove descending,
 In all his wrath divine,
 Enrag'd at my pretending
 To call this charmer mine:
 His shafts of bolted thunder
 With boldness I'd deride;
 Not Heav'n itself can sunder
 The hearts that love has ty'd.

R E C I T.

The Thunderer heard,—he look'd with vengeance
 down,
 'Till beauty's glance disarm'd his awful frown.
 The magic impulse of Alcmena's eyes
 Compell'd the conquer'd God to quit his skies;
 He feign'd the husband's form, possess'd her charms,
 And punish'd his presumption in her arms.

A I R.

A I R.

He deserves sublimest pleasure,
 Who reveals it not, when won ;
 Beauty's like the miser's treasure ;
 Boast it—and the fool's undone !

Learn by this, unguarded lover,
 When your secret sighs prevail,
 Not to let your tongue discover
 Raptures that you should conceal.

A N A C R E O N.

O D E XIX. I M I T A T E D.

OLD Earth, when in a tipling vein,
 Drinks torrents of ambrosial rain,
 Which the tall trees, by heat oppress'd,
 Drink from her kind maternal breast :

Lest angry Ocean should be dry,
 The river Gods their stores supply :
 The Monarch of the glowing day
 Drinks large potations from the sea :

And the pale Empress of the night
 Drinks from his orb propitious light :
 All—all things drink—abstemious sage !
 Why should not we our thirst assuage ?

NEWCASTLE BEER.

I.

WHEN Fame brought the news of Great-
 Britain's success,
 And told at Olympus each Gallic defeat;
 Glad Mars sent by Mercury orders express,
 To summon the Deities all to a treat:
 Blithe Comus was plac'd
 To guide the gay feast,
 And freely declar'd there was choice of good cheer;
 Yet vow'd to his thinking,
 For exquisite drinking,
 Their Nectar was nothing to Newcastle Beer.

II.

The great God of war, to encourage the fun,
 And humour the taste of his whimsical guest,
 Sent a message that moment to Moor's * for a tun
 Of Stingo, the stoutest, the brightest, and best:
 No Gods—they all swore,
 Regal'd so before,
 With liquor so lively, so potent, and clear:
 And each deified fellow
 Got jovially mellow,
 In honour, brave boys, of our Newcastle Beer.

* Moor's, at the sign of the Sun, Newcastle.

III.

Apollo perceiving his talents refine,
 Repents he drank Helicon water so long :
 He bow'd, being ask'd by the musical Nine,
 And gave the gay board an extempore song :
 But ere he began,
 He tofs'd off his cann :
 There's nought like good liquor the fancy to clear :
 Then sang with great merit,
 The flavour and spirit,
 His Godship had found in our Newcastle Beer.

IV.

'Twas Stingo like this made Alcides so bold,
 It brac'd up his nerves, and enliven'd his pow'rs ;
 And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,
 Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as ours.
 The horrible crew
 That Hercules flew,
 Were Poverty—Calumny—Trouble—and Fear :
 Such a club would you borrow,
 To drive away sorrow,
 Apply for a Jorum of Newcastle Beer.

V.

Ye youngsters, so diffident, languid and pale,
 Whom love, like the cholic, so rudely infests ;
 Take a cordial of this, 'twill probatum prevail,
 And drive the cur Cupid away from your breasts :

Dull whining despise,
 Grow rosy and wise,
 Nor longer the jest of good fellows appear;
 Bid adieu to your folly,
 Get drunk and be jolly,
 And smoke o'er a tankard of Newcastle Beer.

VI.

Ye fanciful folk, for whom physic prescribes,
 Whom bolus and potion have harass'd to death!
 Ye wretches, whom law and her ill-looking tribes,
 Have hunted about 'till you're quite out of breath!
 Here's shelter and ease,
 No craving for fees,
 No danger,—no doctor,—no bailiff is near!
 Your spirits this raises,
 It cures your diseases,
 There's freedom and health in our Newcastle Beer.

T H E

T O A S T :

A C A T C H.

GIVE THE TOAST—my good fellow, be jovial
and gay,

And let the brisk moments pass jocund away!

HERE'S THE KING—take your bumpers, my brave
British souls,

Who guards your fair freedom should crown your full
bowls,

LET HIM LIVE—long and happy, see Lewis brought
down,

And taste all the comforts, no cares of a crown.

A

T H R E E - P A R T C A T C H.

'TIS IN VIEW—(the rich blessing kind nature
bestow'd,

To conquer our sorrows, or lighten the load)

A FULL FLASK!—the rich nectar this bottle contains

In a flood of fresh rapture shall roll through our veins.

LET IT BLEED—and carousing this liquor divine,

Sing an hymn to the God that first cultur'd the vine.

O N

O N

SIR W—— B——'T's

B I R T H - D A Y.

DOES true felicity on grandeur wait?
 Delights she in the pageantry of shew?
 Say, can the glitt'ring gew-gaws of the great
 An hour of inborn happiness bestow?

He that is just, benevolent, humane,
 In conscious rectitude supremely blest,
 O'er the glad hearts of multitudes shall reign,
 Tho' the gay star ne'er blaz'd upon his breast.

Ye happy children of the hoary North,
 Hail the glad day that saw your patron born;
 Whose private virtues, and whose public worth,
 Might the rich seats of Royalty adorn.

STANZAS

S T A N Z A S

Spoken at a Play at the Theatre in Sunderland, for the
Benefit of the CORSIANS.

I.

WHO can behold with an unpitying eye
The glorious few (with patriotic fire)
Distrest—invaded—and resolv'd to die,
Or keep their independant rights entire?
Shackled themselves, the servile Gauls would bind,
In their ignoble fetters, half mankind.

II.

The gentle homage that, to-night, you've paid
To Freedom, and her ever sacred laws,
The humble off'ring at her altar made,
Prove that your hearts beat nobly in her cause.
All-gracious Freedom, O vouchsafe to smile,
Thro' future ages, on this favourite isle!

III.

Far may the boughs of Liberty expand,
For ever cultur'd by the Brave and Free!
For ever blasted be that impious hand,
That lops one branch from this illustrious tree!
Britons!—'tis yours to make her verdure thrive,
And keep the roots of Liberty alive.

O, may

IV.

O, may her rich, her ripening fruits of gold,
 Britannia! bloom perpetually for thee!
 May you ne'er want a Dragon, as we're told
 Defended, once, the fam'd Hesperian tree!
 A Dragon fix'd, for your imperial sake,
 With anxious eyes, eternally awake.

T H E

R E S P I T E ;

A P A S T O R A L.

I.

AH, what is't to me that the Grasshopper sings!
 Or what, that the meadows are fair!
 That (like little flow'rets, if mounted on wings)
 The Butterflies flaunt it in air!
 Ye birds, I'll no longer attend to a lay;
 Your haunts in the forest resign!
 Shall you, with your true loves, be happy all day,
 Whilst I am divided from mine?

II.

Where woodbines and willows inclin'd to unite,
 We twisted a blooming alcove;
 And oft has my DAMON, with smiles of delight,
 Declar'd it the Mantle of Love.

The

The roses that crept to our mutual recess,
And rested among the sweet boughs,
Are faded—they droop—and they cannot do less,
For DAMON is false to his vows.

III.

This oak has for ages the tempest defy'd,
We call it—the King of the grove;
He swore, a light breeze should its centre divide,
When he was not true to his love:
Come, come, gentle zephyr, in justice descend,
His falsehood you're bound to display;
This oak and its honours you'll easily rend,
For DAMON has left me—a day.

IV.

The shepherd rush'd forth from behind the thick tree,
Prepar'd to make PHILLIDA blest,
And clasping the maid, from an heart full of glee,
The cause of his absence confess:
High raptures, 'twas told him by masters in love,
Too often repeated, would cloy;
And RESPITES—he found were the means to
improve,
And lengthen the moments of joy.

AN IRREGULAR

O D E O N M U S I C.

I.

CEASE, gentle sounds, nor kill me quite,
 With such excess of sweet delight !
 Each trembling note invades my heart,
 And thrills through ev'ry vital part ;
 A soft—a pleasing pain
 Pursues my heated blood thro' ev'ry vein ;
 What—what does the enchantment mean ?
 Ah ! give the charming magic o'er,
 My beating heart can bear no more.

II.

Now wild with fierce desire,
 My breast is all on fire !
 In soften'd raptures, now, I die !
 Can empty sound such joys impart !
 Can music thus transport the heart,
 With melting extasy !
 O art divine ! exalted blessing !
 Each celestial charm expressing !
 Kindest gift the Gods bestow !
 Sweetest good that mortals know !

When

III.

When seated in a verdant shade
 (Like tuneful Thyrſis) Orpheus play'd ;
 The diſtant trees forſake the wood,
 The liſt'ning beaſts neglect their food,
 To hear the heav'nly ſound ;
 The Dryads leave the mountains,
 The Naiades quit the fountains,
 And in a ſprightly chorus dance around.

IV.

To raiſe the ſtately walls of ancient Troy,
 Sweet Phœbus did his tuneful harp employ ;
 See what ſoft harmony can do !
 The moving rocks the ſound purſue,
 'Till in a large collected maſs they grew :
 Had Thyrſis liv'd in theſe remoter days,
 His were the chaplet of immortal bays !
 Apollo's harp unknown !
 The ſhepherd had remain'd of ſong
 The Deity alone.

FROM A

TRUANT TO HIS FRIENDS.

'TIS not in cells, or a ſequeſter'd cot,
 The mind and morals properly expand ;
 Let youth ſtep forward to a buſier ſpot,
 Led by Diſcretion's cool, conducting hand.

To

To learn some lessons from the schools of man,
 (Forgive me!) I forsook my darling home;
 Not from a light, an undigested plan,
 Nor from a youthful appetite to roam.

In your affections—(let resentment fly!)
 Restore me to my long-accustom'd place;
 Receive me with a kind, forgiving eye,
 And press me in the parent's fond embrace.

TO THE
 AUTHOR OF POEMS,

WRITTEN BY NOBODY*.

ADVANCE to Fame—advance reveal'd!
 Let conscious worth be bold:
 Why have you lain so long conceal'd,
 And hid Peruvian gold?

Dan PHOEBUS did with joy discern
 Your Genius brought to light:
 And many a Somebody should learn,
 From Nobody to write.

* J. Robertson, an Actor belonging to the York Company.

A BIRTH-

A

B I R T H - D A Y O D E :

PERFORMED AT THE CASTLE OF DUBLIN.

R E C I T A T I V E.

H A R K—how the soul of music reigns,
As when the first great birth of nature sprung,
When chaos burst his massy chains,
'Twas thus the Cherubs sung:

A I R.

Hail—hail, from this auspicious morn
Shall British glories rise!
Now are the mighty treasures born,
That shall Britannia's fame adorn,
And lift her to the skies.

R E C I T.

Let George's mighty banners spread,
His lofty clarions roar;
'Till warlike echo fills with dread
The hostile Gallic shore.

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K

A I R.

A I R.

Mark—how his name with terror fills !
 The magic sound rebellion kills,
 And brightens all the northern hills,
 Where pallid treasons dwell ;
 The monster shall no more arise,
 Upon the ground she panting lies !
 Beneath his William's foot she dies,
 And now, she sinks to hell.

R E C I T.

Haste—let Ierne's harp be newly strung,
 And after mighty George be William sung.

A I R.

Talk no more of Grecian glory,
 William stands the first in story :
 He, with British ardour glows !
 See—the pride of Gallia fading !
 See—the youthful warrior leading
 Britons, vengeful, to their foes !

R E C I T.

Fair is the olive branch Hibernia boasts,
 Nor shall the din of war disturb her coasts ;
 While Stanhope smiles, her sons are blest,
 In native loyalty confest !

A I R.

See—O see, thrice happy isle !
 See what gracious George bestow'd ;

Twice

Twice* have you seen a Stanhope smile,
These are gifts become a God!

How the grateful island glows!
Stanhope's name shall be rever'd;
Whilst by subjects, and by foes,
Sacred George is lov'd and fear'd.

C H O R U S.

Like Persians to the rising sun,
Respectful homage pay;
At George's birth our joys begun:
Salute the glorious day!

T H E

BROKEN CHINA.

I.

SOON as the sun began to peep,
And gild the morning skies,
Young Chloe from disorder'd sleep
Unveil'd her radiant eyes.

II.

A guardian Sylph, the wanton sprite
That waited on her still,
Had seiz'd her all the tedious night
With visionary ill.

* Earl of Chesterfield, and Earl of Harrington, both successively Lords Lieutenants of Ireland.

III.

Some shock of fate is surely nigh,
Exclaim'd the tim'rous maid :
What do these horrid dreams imply !
My Cupid can't be dead !

IV.

She call'd her Cupid by his name,
In dread of some mishap ;
Wagging his tail, her Cupid came,
And jump'd into her lap.

V.

And now the best of brittle ware,
Her sumptuous table grac'd :
The gentle emblems of the fair,
In beauteous order plac'd !

VI.

The kettle boil'd, and all prepar'd
To give the morning treat,
When Dick, the country beau appear'd,
And bowing, took his seat.

VII.

Well—chatting on, of that and this,
The maid revers'd her cup ;
And tempted by the forfeit kifs,
The bumpkin turn'd it up.

VIII.

With transport he demands the prize ;
Right fairly it was won !
With many a frown the fair denies :
Fond baits to draw him on !

IX.

A man must prove himself polite,
In such a case as this ;
So Richard strives with all his might
To force the forfeit kifs.

X.

But as he strove—O dire to tell !
(And yet with grief I must)
The table turn'd—the china fell,
A heap of painted dust !

XI.

O fatal purport of my dream !
The fair afflicted, cry'd,
Occasion'd (I confess my shame)
By childishness and pride !

XII:

For in a kifs, or two, or three,
No mischief could be found !
Then had I been more frank and free,
My china had been found.

T O M R. ———.

I.

YES, Colin, 'tis granted, you flutter in lace,
 You whisper and dance with the fair;
 But Merit advances, 'tis yours to give place;
 Stand off, and at distance revere:

Nor teize the sweet maid with your jargon of chat,
 By her side as you saunter along;
 Your taste—your complexion—your this—and your
 that,
 Nor lisp out the end of your song.

II.

For folly and fashion you barter good sense,
 (If sense ever fell to your share)
 'Tis enough you could pert *petit maitre* commence,
 Laugh—loiter—and lie with an air.

No end you can answer, affections you've none,
 Made only for prattle and play;
 Like a butterfly, bask'd for a while in the sun,
 You'll die undistinguish'd away.

ON THE LATE
ABSENCE OF MAY.

(WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1771.)

I.

THE rooks in the neighbouring grove
For shelter cry all the long day;
Their huts in the branches above
Are cover'd no longer by MAY:

The birds, that so chearfully sung,
Are silent, or plaintive each tone!
And, as they chirp, low, to their young,
The want of their Goddess bemoan.

II.

No daisies, on carpets of green,
O'er Nature's cold bosom are spread!
Not a sweet-briar sprig can be seen,
To finish this wreath for my head:

Some flow'rets, indeed may be found,
But these neither blooming nor gay;
The fairest still sleep in the ground,
And wait for the coming of MAY.

III.

DECEMBER, perhaps, has purloin'd
Her rich, tho' fantastical geer;
With envy the Months may have join'd,
And jostled her out of the Year:

Some shepherds, 'tis true, may repine,
To see their lov'd gardens undrest,
But I—whilst my PHILLIDA's mine,
Shall always have MAY in my breast.

A N

EULOGIUM ON MASONRY.

SPOKE BY MR. DIGGS, AT EDINBURGH.

SAY, can the garter, or the star of state,
That on the vain, or on the vicious wait,
Such emblems, with such emphasis impart,
As an insignium near the Mason's heart?

Hail sacred MASONRY, of source divine,
Unerring mistress of the faultless line,
Whose plumb of Truth, with never-failing sway,
Makes the join'd parts of Symmetry obey!

Hail

Hail to the Craft, at whose serene command
The gentle Arts in glad obedience stand;
Whose magic stroke bids fell confusion cease,
And to the finish'd Orders yield its place;
Who calls Creation from the womb of earth,
And gives imperial cities glorious birth.

To works of art her merit's not confin'd,
She regulates the morals, squares the mind;
Corrects with care the tempest-working soul,
And points the tide of passions where to roll;
On Virtue's tablets marks each sacred rule,
And forms her Lodge an universal school;
Where nature's mystic laws unfolded stand,
And Sense and Science, join'd, go hand in hand.

O! may her social rules instructive spread,
'Till Truth erect her long-neglected head;
'Till, through deceitful Night she dart her ray,
And beam, full glorious, in the blaze of Day!
'Till man by virtuous maxims learn to move;
'Till all the peopled world her laws approve,
And the whole human race be bound in Brother's
Love.

A PRO-

A

P R O L O G U E,

SPOKE AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE AT
YORK, AFTER IT WAS ELEGANTLY ENLARGED.

ONCE on a time his earthly rounds patrolling,
(Your heathen gods were always fond of
strolling)

Jove rambled near the cot of kind Philemon,
When night, attended by a tempest, came on;
And as the rain fell pattering, helter skelter,
The deity implor'd the hind for shelter.

Philemon plac'd his godship close beside him,
While goody Baucis made the fire that dry'd him;
With more benevolence than one that's richer,
He spread the board, he fill'd the friendly pitcher;
And, fond to give his guest a meal of pleasure,
Sung a rough song, in his rude country measure.

Jove was so pleas'd with these good-natur'd sallies,
Philemon's cot he conjur'd to a palace.

Taste, like great Jupiter, came here to try us,
(Oft from the boxes we perceiv'd her spy us)

Whether

Whether she lik'd us and our warm endeavours,
 Whether she found that we deserv'd her favours,
 I know not: But 'tis certain she commanded
 Our humble theatre should be expanded.

The orders she pronounc'd were scarcely ended,
 But, like Philemon's house, the stage extended:
 And thus the friendly goddess bids me greet ye;
 'Tis in that circle [*pointing to the boxes*] she designs to
 meet ye:
 Pedants would fix her residence with heathens,
 But she prefers old York to Rome or Athens.

A

P R O L O G U E,

SPOKE AT THE OPENING AN ELEGANT LITTLE
 THEATRE AT WHITBY.

FROM Shakespare—Johnfon—Congreve—Rowe—
 and others—

The laurel'd list, the true Parnassian brothers!
 Hither we're sent, by their supreme direction,
 To court your favour, and to claim protection.

Our

Our hopes are flatter'd with the Fair's compliance;
Beauty and Wit were always in alliance!
Their mutual sway reforms the rude creation,
And TASTE's determin'd by their approbation.

The tragic Muse presents a stately mirror,
Where Vice surveys her ugly form with terror :
And as the fiend departs—abash'd—discarded—
Imperial Virtue's with the palm rewarded.
The comic glass, from modern groupes collected,
Shews fops and fools of every class—dissected :
It marks the fair coquet's unfaithful dealings,
And proves that haughty prudes may have their
failings.

For faults that flow from habit more than nature,
We'll blend, with honest mirth, some wholesome
fatire.

Now for our bark—the vessel's tight and able!
New built!—new rigg'd!—[*Pointing to the scene:*]
with canvas—mast—and cable!

Let her not sink,—or be unkindly stranded,
Before the moral freight be fairly landed !
For tho' with heart and hand we heave together,
'Tis your kind plaudit must command the weather :
Nor halcion seas,—nor gentle gales attend us,
'Till this fair circle with their smiles befriend us.

A P R O.

A

P R O L O G U E,

ON OPENING THE THEATRE AT WHITBY THE
ENSUING SEASON.

O’ER the wild waves, unwilling more to roam,
And by his kind affections call’d for home;
When the bold youth that ev’ry climate tries
’Twixt the blue bosoms—’Twixt the seas and skies—
When he beholds his native Albion near,
And the glad gale gives wings to his career,
What glowing extasies, by Fancy drest,
What filial sentiments expand his breast!
In the full happiness he forms on shore,
Doubts—dangers—and fatigues are felt no more.

Such are the joys that in our bosoms burn!
Such the glad hopes that glow at our return!
With such warm ardours you behold us meet,
To lay, once more, our labours at your feet.

(Not without hopes your patronage will last)
We bend with gratitude for favours past.
That our light bark defy’d the rage of winter,
Rode ev’ry gale—nor started ev’n a splinter;

We

We bow to Beauty—('twas those smiles secur'd her)
 And thank our patrons who so kindly moor'd her.
 Still—still—extend your gentle cares to save her,
 That she may anchor long in Whitby's—favour.

A

P R O L O G U E,

SPOKE IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR, ON
 OPENING THE NEW THEATRE AT NORTH-
 SHIELDS.

[*Without.*

HOLLO! my masters, where d'ye mean to stow us?
 We're come to see what pastime ye can shew us;
 Sal, step aloft—you shan't be long without me,
 I'll walk their quarter deck and look about me.

[*Enters.*

Tom and Dick Topfail are above—I hear 'em,
 Tell 'em to keep a birth, and Sal—sit near 'em:
 Sal's a smart lass—I'd hold a but of stingo
 In three weeks' time she'd learn the playhouse lingo:
 She loves your plays, she understands their meaning,
 She calls 'em—MORAL RULES made entertaining:
 Your Shakespeare books, she knows 'em to a tittle;
 And I, myself (at sea) have read—a little.

At

At London, Sirs, when Sal and I were courting,
I tow'd her ev'ry night a playhouse sporting :
Mafs! I could like 'em and their whole 'Paratus,
But for their fiders and their damn'd Sonatas ;
Give me the merry fons of guts and rofin,
That play——God fave the King, and Nancy Dawfon.

[*Looking about.*

Well——tho' the frigate's not fo much bedoyzen'd,
'Tis fnug enough!——'Tis clever for the fize on't :
And they can treat with all that's worth regarding
On board the Drury-lane or Common-Garden.

[*Bell rings.*

Avast!—A fignal for the launch, I fancy :
* What fay you Sam, and Dick, and Doll, and Nancy,
Since they have trimm'd the pleasure-barge fo tightly,
Shan't you, and I, and Sal, come fee them nightly !
The jolly crew will do their beft endeavours,
They'll grudge no labour to deferve your favours.
A luckier fate they fwear can ne'er behap 'em
Than to behold you pleas'd, and hear you—clap 'em.

* To the Gallery.

A N

A N

E P I L O G U E,

SPOKE AT NORWICH, IN THE CHARACTER OF
MRS. DEBORAH WOODCOCK, IN LOVE IN A
VILLAGE.

AFTER the dangers of a long probation,
When Sybil like, she's skill'd in penetration;
When she has conquer'd each unruly passion,
And rides above the rocks that others dash on;
When deeply mellow'd with reserve and rigour;
When decent gravity adorns her figure,
Why an old maid, I wish the wife would tell us,
Should be the standing jest of flirts and fellows!

In maxims sage! in eloquence how clever!
Without a subject she can talk—for ever!
Rich in old saws, can bring a sentence pat in,
And quote upon occasion, lawyer's latin.

Set up that toast, that culprit, *nobis corum*,
'Tis done—and she's demolish'd in *turrorum*.

If an old maid's a dragons on duty,
To guard the golden fruit of rip'ning beauty;

'Tis

'Tis right, for fear the giddy sex should wander,
To keep them in restraint by decent slander.
When slips are made, 'tis easy sure to find 'em;
We can detect before the fair design'd them.

As for the men, whose satire oft hath stung us,
Many there are that may be rank'd among us.
Law, with long suits and busy mischiefs laden,
In rancour far exceeds the ancient maiden.
'Tis undeny'd, and the assertion's common,
That modern PHYSIC is a mere old woman.
The puny fop that simpers o'er his tea dish,
And cries—indeed—Miss Deb'rah's—quite old maidish!
Of doubtful sex, of undetermin'd nature,
In all respects is but a virgin *cretur*.

Jesting apart, and moral truths adjusting!
There's nothing in the state itself disgusting;
Old maids, as well as matrons bound in marriage,
Are valu'd from propriety of carriage:
If gentle sense, if sweet discretion guide 'em,
It matters not tho' coxcombs may deride 'em;
And virtue's virtue, be she maid or wedded,
A certain truth! say—Deb'rah Woodcock said it.

A
P R O L O G U E,

TO THE MUSE OF OSSIAN.

A LITTLE PIECE ADAPTED TO THE STAGE, BY
D. E. BAKER, FROM THE CELEBRATED POEM OF
OSSIAN, THE SON OF FINGAL.

TO form a little work of nervous merit,
To give the sleepy stage a nobler spirit;
To touch a sacred muse, and not defile her,
This was the plan propos'd by our compiler.

Tho' caution told him—the presumption's glaring!
Dauntless, he cry'd, "It is but nobly daring!
Can we peruse a pathos more than Attic,
Nor with the golden measure stamp'd dramatic!
Here are no lines—in measur'd pace that trip it,
No modern scenes—so lifeless! so insipid!
Wrought by a muse—(no sacred fire debarr'd her)
'Tis nervous! noble! 'tis true northern ardour!

"Methinks I hear the Grecian bards exclaiming,
(The Grecian bards no longer worth the naming)
In song, the northern tribes so far surpass us,
One of their Highland hills they'll call Parnassus;

And

And from the sacred mount decrees should follow,
That Ossian was himself—the true Apollo.”

Spite of this flash—this high poetic fury,
He trembles for the verdict of his jury :
As from his text he ne’er presum’d to wander,
But gives the native Ossian to your candour,
To an impartial judgment we submit him,
Condemn—or rather (if you can) acquit him.

A N

E P I L O G U E,

TO THE MUSE OF OSSIAN.

I N fond romance let fancy reign creative !
Valour among the northern hills is native ;
The northern hills, ’tis prov’d by Ossian’s story,
Gave early birth to Caledonian glory ;
Nor could the stormy clime, with all its rigour
Repel, in love or war, the hero’s vigour.

When honour call’d, the youth disdain’d to ponder,
And as he fought, the fav’rite maid grew fonder.
The brave, by beauty were rejected never,
For girls are gracious when the lads are clever.

L 2

If

148 CUNNINGHAM'S POEMS.

If the bold youth was in the field vindictive,
The bard, at home, had ev'ry power descriptive;
He swell'd the sacred song, enhanc'd the story,
And rais'd the warrior to the skies of glory.

That northern lads are still unconquer'd fellows,
The foes of Britain to their cost can tell us;
The sway of northern beauty, if disputed,
Look round, ye infidels, and stand confuted:
And for your bards, the letter'd world have known 'em,
They're such—The sacred Ossian can't disown 'em.

To prove a partial judgment does not wrong you,
And that your usual candour reigns among you,
Look with indulgence on this crude endeavour,
And stamp it with the sanction of your favour.

A N

E P I L O G U E,

SPOKE IN THE CHARACTER OF LADY TOWNLEY,
IN THE PROVOKED HUSBAND.

A T lady—let me recollect—whose night is't?
No matter—at a circle the politest;
Taste summons all the satire she is able,
And canvasses my conduct to the table.

“ A

“ A wife reclaim’d, and by an husband’s rigour !
 A wife with all her appetites in vigour !
 Lard ! she must make a lamentable figure !

“ Where was her pride ! Of ev’ry spark divested !
 To mend, because a prudish husband press’d it !
 What ! to prefer his dull domestic quiet,
 To the dear scenes of hurricane and riot !
 Parties disclaim’d, the happy rout rejected !
 Because at ten she’s by her spouse expected !
 Oh hideous ! how immensely out of nature !
 Don’t you, my dears, despise the servile creature ?

Prudence, altho’ the company be good,
 Is often heard, and sometimes understood.
 Suppose, to justify my reformation,
 She’d give the circle this concise oration.

“ Ye giddy groupe of fashionable wives,
 That in continued riot waste your lives ;
 Did ye but see the demons that descend,
 The cares convulsive that on cards attend ;
 The midnight spectres that surround your chairs,
 (Rage reddens here—there Avarice despairs)
 You’d rush for shelter where contentment lies,
 To the domestic blessings you despise.

“ Or if you’ve no regard to moral duty,
 (’Tis trite but true)—Quadrille will murder beauty.”

Taste is abash’d, (the culprit) I’m acquitted,
 They praise the character they lately pity’d ;
 They promise to reform—relinquish play,
 So break the tables up at—break of day.

A N

E P I L O G U E,

SPOKE AT EDINBURGH, IN THE CHARACTER OF
LADY FANCIFUL.

FANCY, we're told, of parentage Italic,
And Folly, whose original is Gallic,
Set up to sale their vast mishapen daughter,
And Britain, by a large subscription, bought her.

The fertile soil grew fond of this exotic,
And nurs'd her, till her pow'r became despotic;
'Till ev'ry would-be beauty in the nation
Did homage at the shrine of AFFECTATION.
But Common Sense will certainly dethrone her,
And (like the fair ones of this place) disown her.
If she attempts the dimpled smile, delightful!
The dimpled smile of Affectation's frightful:
Mark but her bagatelles,—her whine—her whimper—
Her loll—her lisp—her saunter, stare—her simper;
All outres, all—no native charm about her,
And Ridicule would soon expire without her.

Look for a grace, and Affectation hides it;
If Beauty aims an arrow, she misguides it:
So awkwardly she mends unmeaning faces,
To Insipidity she gives—grimaces.

Without

EULOGIUM ON CHARITY. 151

Without her dear coquetish arts to aid 'em,
Fine ladies would be just as—nature made 'em,
Such sensible—sincere—domestic creatures,
The jest of modern belles, and *petit maitres*.

Safe with good sense, this circle's not in danger,
But as the foreign phantom's—here a stranger,
I gave her portrait, that the fair may know her,
And if they meet, be ready to forego her;
For trust me, ladies, she'd deform your faces,
And with a single glance destroy the graces.

A N

EULOGIUM ON CHARITY.

SPOKE AT ALNWICK, IN NORTHUMBERLAND, AT
A CHARITABLE BENEFIT PLAY, 1765.

TO bid the rancour of Ill-fortune cease,
To tell Anxiety—I give thee peace,
To quell Adversity—or turn her darts,
To stamp Fraternity on gen'rous hearts:
For these high motives—these illustrious ends,
Celestial Charity to-night descends.

Soft are the graces that adorn the maid,
Softer than dew-drops to the sun-burnt glade!
She's gracious as an unpolluted stream,
And tender as a fond young lover's dream!

L 4

Pity

152 CUNNINGHAM'S POEMS.

Pity and Peace precede her as she flies,
And Mercy beams benignant in her eyes!
From her high residence, from realms above,
She comes, sweet harbinger of heavenly love!

* Her sister's charms are more than doubly bright,
From the kind cause that call'd her here to-night,
An artless grace the conscious heart bestows
And on the generous cheek a tincture glows,
More lovely than the bloom that paints the vernal rose. }

The lofty pyramid shall cease to live!
Fleeting the praise such monuments can give!
But Charity, by tyrant time rever'd,
Sweet Charity, amidst his ruins spar'd,
Secures her votaries unblasted fame,
And in celestial annals faves their name.

* The Countess of Northumberland, who honoured the
charity with her presence.

A N

E P I L O G U E,

DESIGNED TO BE SPOKE AT ALNWICK, ON RE-
SIGNING THE PLAYHOUSE TO A PARTY DE-
TACHED FROM THE EDINBURGH THEATRE.

TO Alnwick's lofty feat, a silvan scene !
To rising hills from distance doubly green,
Go—says the God of Wit, my standard bear,
These are the mansions of the great * and fair,
'Tis my Olympus now, go spread my banners there. }

Led by fond hope, the pointed path we trace,
And thank'd our patron for the flowery place ;
Here—we behold a gently waving wood !
There—we can gaze upon a wand'ring flood !
The landscape smiles !—the fields gay fragrance wear !
Soft scenes are all around—refreshful air !
Slender repast indeed, and but cameleon fare ! }

A troop, at certain times compell'd to shift,
And from their northern mountains turn'd adrift ;
By tyrant managers a while consign'd,
To fatten on what forage they can find ;

* The Earl and Countess of Northumberland, Lord and Lady
Warkworth, &c.

With

With lawless force our liberty invades,
 And fain would thrust us from these fav'rite shades;
 But we (since prejudice erects her scale,
 And puffs and petty artifice prevail)
 To stronger holds with cool discretion run,
 And leave the conquerors to be—undone.

With gratitude, still we'll acknowledge the favours
 So kindly indulg'd to our simple endeavours;
 To the great and the fair we rest thankfully debtors,
 And wish we could say, we gave place to our betters.

A

P R O L O G U E,
 T O L O V E A N D F A M E.

SPOKE AT SCARBOROUGH.

Entering.

WHERE is this author?—Bid the wretch
 appear,

Let him come in, and wait for judgement—*Here.*

This awful jury, all impatient, wait;

Let him come in, I say, and meet his fate!

Strange, very strange, if such a piece succeeds!

(Punish the culprit for his vile misdeeds)

Know

Know ye to-night, that his presumptuous works,
Have turn'd good Christians into—Heathen Turks?
And if the genius an't corrected soon,
In his next Trip, he'll mount us to the Moon.

Methinks I hear him say—"For mercy's sake
Hold your rash tongue—my Love and Fame's at stake;
When you behold me—diffident—distrest!
'Tis cruelty to make my woes a jest:
Well—if you will—but why should I distrust?
My judges are as merciful as just;
I know them well, have oft their friendship try'd,
And their protection is my boast—my pride."

Hoping to please, he form'd this bustling plan;
Hoping to please! 'tis all the moderns can:
Faith! let him 'scape, let Love and Fame survive,
With your kind sanction keep his scenes alive;
Try to approve (applaud we will exempt)
Nor crush the bardling in this hard attempt.
Could he write up to an illustrious theme,
There's mark'd upon the register of Fame
A subject—but beyond the warmest lays!
Wonder must paint, when 'tis a G—nby's praise.

A
P R O L O G U E,
T O R U L E A W I F E.

SPOKEN AT EDINBURGH.

'TIS an odd portrait that the poet drew !
 A strange irregular he sets in view !
 'Mongst us—thank heaven—the character's unknown,
 (Bards have creative faculties we own)
 And this appears a picture from his brain,
 'Till we reflect the lady liv'd in Spain.

Should we the portrait with the sex compare,
 'Twould add new honours to the northern fair;
 Their merit, by the foil, conspicuous made,
 And they seem'd brighter from contrasting shade.

Rude were the rules our fathers form'd of old,
 Nor should such antiquated maxims hold;
 Shall subject man assert superior sway,
 And dare to bid the angel sex obey!
 Or if permitted to partake the throne,
 Despotic, call the reins of power his own!
 Forbid it, all that's gracious—that's polite!
 (The fair to liberty have equal right)
 Nor urge the tenet, tho' from Fletcher's school,
 That every husband has a right to rule.

A matri-

A matrimonial medium may be hit,
Where neither governs, but where both submit.

The nuptial torch with decent brightness burns,
Where male and female condescend by turns;
Change then the phrase, the horrid text amend,
And let the word obey,—be condescend.

A

P R O L O G U E,

ON REVIVING THE MERCHANT OF VENICE, AT
THE TIME THE BILL HAD PASSED FOR NA-
TURALIZING THE JEWS.

TWIXT the sons of the stage, without pensions
or places,

And the vagabond Jews, are some similar cases;
Since time out of mind, or they're wrong'd much by
slander,

Both lawless, alike, have been sentenc'd to wander;
Then faith 'tis full time we appeal to the nation,
To be join'd in this bill for na-tu-ra-li-za-ti-on;
Lard, that word's so uncouth!—'tis so irksome to
speak it!

But 'tis Hebrew, I believe, and that's taste, as I
take it.

Well

158 CUNNINGHAM'S POEMS.

Well — now to the point — I'm sent here with
 commission,
 To present this fair circle our humble petition :
 But conscious what hopes we should have of succeeding,
 Without (as they phrase it) sufficiently bleeding ;
 And convinc'd we've no funds, nor old gold we can
 rake up,
 Like our good fathers—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob ;
 We must frankly confess we have nought to present ye,
 But Shakespeare's old sterling—pray let it content ye.

This SHYLOCK, the Jew, whom we mean to
 restore ye,
 Was naturaliz'd oft by your fathers before ye ;
 Then take him to-night to your kindest compassion,
 For to countenance Jews is the pink of the fashion.

A

P R O L O G U E,

FOR SOME COUNTRY LADS, PERFORMING THE
 DEVIL OF A WIFE, IN THE CHRISTMAS
 HOLIDAYS.

I N days of yore, when round the jovial board,
 With harmless mirth, and social plenty stor'd,
 Our parent Britons quaff'd their nut-brown ale,
 And carols sung, or told the Christmas tale ;

In

In struts St. George, Old England's champion knight,
 With hasty steps, impatient to recite
 "How he had kill'd the dragon, once in fight." }

From ev'ry side—from Troy—from antient Greece,
 Princes pour in to swell the motly piece;
 And while their deeds of prowess they rehearse,
 The flowing bowl rewards their hobbling verse.

Intent to raise this evening's cordial mirth,
 Like theirs, our simple stage play comes to birth.
 Our want of art we candidly confess,
 But give you nature in her homespun dress;
 No heroes here—no martial men of might!
 A cobbler is the champion of to-night;
 His strap, more fam'd than George's lance of old,
 For it can tame that dragoness, a scold:
 Indulgent, then, support the cobbler's cause,
 And tho' he may'nt deserve it, smile applause.

A

P R O L O G U E,

ON OPENING THE NEW THEATRE IN NEWCASTLE,
1766.

IF to correct the follies of mankind,
To mend the morals—to enlarge the mind,
To strip the self-deceiving passions bare,
With honest mirth to kill an evening's care;
If these kind motives can command applause,
For these the motly stage her curtain draws.

Does not the poet, that exists by praise,
Like to be told that he has reach'd the bays?
Is not the wretch (still trembling for his store)
Pleas'd when he grasps a glitt'ring thousand more?
Cheers not the mariner propitious seas?
Likes not the lawyer to be handling fees?
Lives not the lover but in hopes of bliss?
'To ev'ry question we'll reply with—yes.

Suppose them gratified—their full delight
Falls short of ours on this auspicious night;
When rich in happiness—in hopes elate,
Taste has receiv'd us to our fav'rite seat.

O that

O that the soul of action were but ours,
 And the vast energy of vocal powers!
 That we might make a grateful off'ring, fit
 For these kind judges that in candour sit.

Before such judges, we confess, with dread,
 These new dominions we presume to tread;
 Yet if you smile, we'll boldly do our best,
 And leave your favours to supply the rest.

A N

I N T R O D U C T I O N,

SPOKE AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND, TO
 A PLAY PERFORMED THERE FOR THE BENE-
 FIT OF THE WIDOWS AND ORPHANS OF THAT
 PLACE.

O N Widows—Orphans—left, alas! forlorn,
 (From the rack'd heart its every comfort torn)
 Humanity, to-night, confers relief,
 And softens, tho' she can't remove their grief:
 Blasted her hopes, her expectations kill'd,
 The sons of Sympathy (with sorrow chill'd)
 Behold the wretched Matron—madly weep,
 And hear her cry—" My joys are in the deep!"

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M

To

To the tremendous Power that rules mankind,
 Lord of the seas—the calm and boist'rous wind,
 We bow, obedient, and with awe resign'd,
 His ways, inscrutable, we can't explore,
 No—we may wonder, but we must adore.
 Happy, for ever, be the generous breast,
 That feels compassion for the Poor distress'd;
 Happy the hand that stops the sufferer's tear!
 SUCH hands there are, and Such we find, are Here.

A N

E L E G I A C O D E

O N T H E

D E A T H O F H I S L A T E M A J E S T Y.

“ Pallida mos æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,

“ Regumque turres.”

HOR.

ENGLAND! thy Genius vested like despair,
 With loud distress alarms the chalky shore:
 Britons! he cries, and rends his hoary hair,
 Britons! your much-lov'd Monarch is no more!

The Sea-gods from their pearl-embroider'd beds,
 Who to great GEORGE the green dominion gave,
 No longer lift their coral-crown'd heads,
 But dive distress'd beneath the trembling wave.

Hark,

Hark, how the winds, erst bounteous to his will,
That bore his thund'ring fleets to Gallia's shore,
Pause,—for a while, pathetically still,
Then let their sorrows burst in pealy roar.

The nymphs that in the sacred groves preside,
Where Britain's conqu'ring oaks eternal spring,
In their embrown'd retreats their sorrows hide,
And silent mourn the venerable King.

Tenants of liberty, on Britain's plain,
With flocks enrich'd, a vast unnumber'd store!
'Tis gone, the mighty GEORGE'S golden reign;
Your Pan, your great Protector is no more!

The British swains, e'er whiles a blithsome throng,
No more in laughter's band, to revel seen!
No more the shepherd tunes his chearful song,
Or dances sportful on the dew-dress'd green.

Beauty, no more the toy of fashion wears,
(So late by love's designful labour dress'd;)
But from her brow the lustr'd diamond tears,
And with the sable cypress veils her breast.

Religion, lodg'd high on her pious pile,
Laments the fading state of CROWNS below;
While melancholy fills the vaulted isle,
With the slow music of heart-wounding woe.

See the detestful owl, ill-omen'd, rise!
Dragg'd, by despair, from her sequestr'd cell;
And, by the discord of shrill shrieking cries,
Doubling the horrors of the deep-ton'd bell.

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The choral muses droop! their harps unstrung,
The lutes and laurel wreaths neglected fall!
Commerce—bestill'd her many nation'd tongue,
Whilom so busy in her bustling hall! *

Behold the virtues rang'd, a sorrowing band!
They mourn their KING with grief dejected eyes,
See Art and sister Science, weeping stand!
For ah! their Patron, their Defender dies;

On conquest's cheek, see how the roses fail!
Grief makes, alas! the fairest blossoms bow!
And honour's fire ethereal burns but pale,
The erst beam'd glorious on our GEORGE's brow.

The dreary paths of unrelenting fate,
Must Monarchs, mix'd with common mortals, try!
Is there no refuge for the good and great?
And must the gracious and the godlike die?

Must gilded courts be chang'd for horror's cave!
And scepter'd Kings, who keep the world in awe,
Conquer'd by time, and the un pitying grave,
Scarce fav'd their laurels from its rig'rous law!

Search where fell carnage rag'd with rigour steel'd,
Where slaughter, like the rapid lightning, ran;
And say, when you've bewept the blood stain'd field,
Which is the monarch? which the common man?

* The hall of Commerce, the Royal Exchange.

The Macedonian Monarch *, wife and good,
 Bade (when the morning's rosy reign began)
 Courtiers should call, as round his couch they stood,
 " PHILIP, remember thou'rt no more than man.

" Tho' glory spread thy name from pole to pole,
 " Tho' thou art merciful, and brave, and just,
 " PHILIP, reflect thour't posting to the goal,
 " Where mortals mix in undistinguish'd dust."

What then avails ambition's wide-stretch'd wing!
 The schoolman's page, or pride of beauty's bloom!
 The crape-clad hermit, and the rich-rob'd King,
 Mingle promiscuous in the levelling tomb.

So SALADIN †, for arts and arms renown'd,
 The Syrians and Egyptians both subdu'd;
 Returning, with imperial triumphs crown'd,
 Sigh'd, when the perishable pomp he view'd.

And as he rode, high on his regal car,
 In all the purple pride of conquest drest,
 Conspicuous o'er the trophies gain'd in war,
 Plac'd on a pendant spear his burial vest.

* Philip, King of Macedon, the father of Alexander the Great, appointed the pages of his chamber, to remind him every morning, that, notwithstanding his glory and power, he was no more than a mere mortal man.

† Saladin, a famous eastern Emperor, in his triumphant return from the most remarkable conquests, had a shroud carried before him, while proclamation was made, That the victor, after all his glory, could lay real claim to nothing but that wretched linen to wrap his body in for the tomb.

166 CUNNINGHAM'S POEMS.

While thus the herald cry'd, " This son of pow'r,
 " This Saladin, to whom the nations bow'd,
 " May, in the space of a revolving hour,
 " Boast of no other spoil but yonder shroud."

Can the deep statesman, skill'd in great design,
 Save, for the smallest space, precarious breath?
 Or the tun'd follower of the sacred nine,
 Sooth, with his melody, the tyrant death?

No! tho' the palace bar her golden gate,
 Or monarchs plant ten thousand guards around,
 Unerring, and unseen, the shaft of fate,
 Strikes the devoted victim to the ground.

If in the tent retir'd, or battle's rage,
 BRITANNIA'S sighs shall reach great FRED'RIC'S*
 ear;
 He'll drop the sword, or shut the sophic page,
 And pensive pay the tributary tear.

Then shall the monarch weigh the moral thought,
 (As he laments the parent, friend, ally,)
 The solemn truth, by sage reflection taught,
 That, spite of glory, FRED'RIC'S self must die.
 Crowns, like the glow-worm's scarce distinguish'd
 light,
 For a short moment glance their twinkling fires,
 But there's a deathless wreath, divinely bright,
 Whose more than diamond lustre, ne'er expires.

* Frederic, King of PRUSSIA.

Such

Such is the starry meed that virtue ty'd
 With her own hands on GEORGE's gracious brow;
 Eternal shall its golden beams abide,
 Tho' the bright sun should from its orbit bow.

Nor is the sacred gift to KINGS confin'd,
 The wretch, to fortune, friends, and fame unknown,
 Shall, if sweet piety adorn his mind,
 Mount to the highest step of glory's throne.

The parent's face Apelles * prudent hides,
 While death devours the darling of his age:
 Nature the pencil'd stroke of art derides,
 When grief distracts with agonizing rage.

Then let the muse her sablest curtain spread,
 By sorrow taught her nerveless pow'r to know:
 When nations cry, their KING, their PARENT's dead,
 The rest is dumb, unutterable woe.

Mercy, co-partner of great GEORGE's throne,
 Through the embrighted air ascendant flies,
 Duteous, the peace bestowing maid is flown
 To smooth his halcyon progress to the skies.

But see a sacred radiance beams around!
 That with returning hope a people cheers!
 Behold yon youth, with grace imperial crown'd,
 How awful! yet how lovely in his tears!

* Apelles finding it impossible to express with his pencil, the distress of Agamemnon, while his daughter Iphigenia was offered as a sacrifice, painted him with a veil spread over his face.

168 CUNNINGHAM'S POEMS.

Mark how his bosom heaves the filial sigh!

He droops distress'd like a fair frost-chill'd flower,
Till glory from her radiant sphere on high,
Hails him to hold the reins of regal power.

The faintest fire to realms of bliss remov'd,

Like the fam'd phoenix from his pyre shall spring,
Another GEORGE as gracious, as lov'd,
As good, and glorious, as the parent KING.

H O R A C E.

ODE X. BOOK IV. IMITATED.

CHLOE, my most tender care,
Always coy, and always fair,
Should unwish'd for languor spread
O'er that beauteous white and red;
Should these locks that sweetly play
Down these shoulders, fall away,
And that lovely bloom that glows,
Fairer than the fairest rose;
Should it fade, and leave thy face
Spoil'd of every killing grace;
Should your glass the charge betray,
Thus, my fair, you'd weeping say,
'Cruel Gods! does beauty fade?
'Now warm desires my breast invade;
'And why, while blooming youth did glow,
'Was this heart as cold as snow?'
SENT

SENT TO MISS BELL H——, WITH A
PAIR OF BUCKLES.

HAPPY trifles, can ye bear
Sighs of fondness to the fair;
If your pointed tongues can tell,
How I love my charming Bell:
Fondly take a lover's part,
Plead the anguish of my heart.

Go—ye trifles—gladly fly,
(Gracious in my fair one's eye)
Fly—your envy'd bliss to meet;
Fly, and kiss the charmer's feet.

Happy there, with waggish play,
Tho' you revel day by day,
Like the donor, ev'ry night,
(Robb'd of his supreme delight)
To subdue your wanton pride,
Useless, you'll be thrown aside.

TO

T O
C H L O E,
O N A

C H A R G E O F I N C O N S T A N C Y.

HOW can Chloe think it strange,
TIME should make a lover change?

TIME brings all things to an end,
Courage can't the blow defend.
See, the proud aspiring oak
Falls beneath the fatal stroke:
If on Beauty's cheek he preys,
Streight the rosy bloom decays:
Joy puts out his lambent fires,
And at TIME's approach—expires.

How can Chloe think it strange,
TIME should make a lover change?

IN CAN.

I N C A N T A T I O N.

PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE IN SUNDERLAND,
IN A NEW PANTOMIME.

R E C I T A T I V E.

H E C A T E.

FROM the dark, tremendous cell,
Where the fiends of magic dwell,
Now the Sun hath left the skies,
Daughters of enchantment, rise.

A I R.

[The Witches appear.]

Welcome from the shades beneath!
Welcome to the blasted heath!
Where the spectre and the sprite
Glide along the glooms of night.
Beldams!—with attention keen,
Wait the wish of HARLEQUIN:
Many a wonder must be done
For my first, my fav'rite son.

C H O R U S O F W I T C H E S.

Many a wonder shall be done,
HECATE, for your fav'rite son.

FORTUNE

FORTUNE TO HARLEQUIN.

IN A PANTOMIME.

I.

FROM my favour, sense rejected,
Fools by Fortune are protected :
Fortune, Harlequin, hath found you,
Happiness will hence surround you.

II.

Should a thousand ills enclose you,
Quick contrivance this * bestows you !
Valour makes the fair adore you ;
This † shall drive your foes before you.

III.

Gold's the mighty source of pleasure !
Take this purse of magic treasure ;
Go—for while my gifts befriend you,
Joy and jollity attend you.

* A Hat.

† A Sword.

ACROSTIC.

A C R O S T I C.

P-RAY tell me, says Venus, one day to the Graces,
 (O-n a visit they came, and had just ta'en their
 places)

Let me know why of late I can ne'er see your faces:
 Ladies, nothing, I hope, happen'd here to af-
 fright ye:
 You've had compliment cards ev'ry day to in-
 vite ye.

Says Cupid, who guess'd their rebellious pro-
 ceeding,
 Underhand, dear mamma, there's some mischief
 a-breeding:
 There's a fair one at Lincoln, so finish'd a beauty,
 That your loves and your graces all swerve from their
 duty.
 O-n my life, says dame Venus, I'll not be thus put on,
 Now I think on't, last night, some one call'd me
 Miss Sutton.

ON THE
DEATH OF MRS. SLEIGH,
OF
STOCKTON.

MUCH lov'd, much honour'd, much lamented
SLEIGH!

The kindred Virtues had expir'd with thee,
Were it ordain'd the daughters of the sky,
Like the frail offspring of the earth, could die;
Trembling they stand at thy too early doom,
And mingling tears to consecrate thy tomb.

A C R O S T I C.

W-HERE no ripen'd summer glows,
I-n the lap of northern snows;
D-esarts gloomy, cold, and drear,
(O-nly let the nymph be there)
W-reaths of budding sweets would wear.

M-AY

ON LORD GRANBY'S DEATH. 175

MAY would every fragrance bring,
All the vernal bloom of spring :
Dyads, deck'd with myrtles green,
Dancing, would attend their Queen :
Every flower that nature spreads,
Rising where the charmer treads !

ON THE

DEATH OF LORD GRANBY.

FOR private loss the lenient tear may flow,
And give a short, (perhaps) a quick relief ;
While the full heart, o'ercharg'd with public woe,
Must labour thro' a long, protracted grief.

This sudden stroke ('twas like the lightning's blast)
The sons of Albion can't enough deplore ;
Think, Britons, think on all his triumphs past,
And weep——your WARRIOR is——alas ! no more.

Blight, we are told, respects the Conq'ror's tree,
And thro' the Laurel grove with caution flies :
Vague—and how vain must that assertion be,
Cover'd with Laurels when a GRANBY dies !

ON THE

DEATH OF MR. —, OF SUNDERLAND.

GO, breath of Sorrow,—go attending sighs,
 Acquaint the natives of the northern shore,
 The man they lov'd, the man they honour'd, dies,
 And Charity's first steward—is no more.

Where shall the poor a friendly patron find?
 Who shall relieve them from their loads of pain?
 Say, has he left a feeling heart behind,
 So gracious—good—so tenderly humane?

Yes—there survives his darling offspring—young,
 Yet in the paths of Virtue, steady—sure!
 'Twas the last lesson from his parent's tongue,
 'Think, (O remember) think upon my Poor.'

A

P E T I T I O N

TO THE WORSHIPFUL FREE MASONS,
 DELIVERED FROM THE STAGE, BY A
 LADY, AT A COMEDY COUNTENANCED
 BY THAT FRATERNITY.

BROTHERS!—'tis bold to interrupt your
 meeting,

But from the female world I wait you—greeting:

[*Curtseys.*

The ladies can advance a thousand reasons,
 That make them hope to be received as Masons:
 To keep a secret,—not one hint expressing,
 To rein the tongue—O husbands, there's a blessing!
 As Virtue seems the Mason's sole foundation,
 Why should the Fair be barr'd from—Installation?
 If you suppose us weak, indeed you wrong us;
 Historians, Sapphos too, you'll find among us;
 Think—Brothers—think, and graciously admit us;
 Doubt it not, Sirs, we'll gloriously acquit us:
 How to be wiser, and more cautious, teach us,
 Indeed 'tis time that your instructions reach us:

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The

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The faults of late, and every foul miscarriage,
Committed in the sphere of modern marriage,
Were caus'd (If I've a grain of penetration)
From each great Lady's not being made a Mason.
Accept us then, to Brotherhood receive us,
And Virtue, we're convinc'd, will never leave us.

A N

O D E

FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE

K I N G O F P R U S S I A.

“ Arma, Virumque cano.”

VIRG.

R E C I T.

MORE glorious than the comet's blaze,
That through the starry region strays :
From Zembla to the Torrid Zone,
The mighty name of Prussia's known.

A I R.

I.

Be banish'd from the books of fame,
Ye deeds in distant ages done ;
Lost and inglorious is the name
Of Hannibal, or Philip's son :
Could Greece, or conquering Carthage sing
A hero great as Prussia's King !

Where

II.

Where restless Envy can't explore,
 Or flatter'd Hope presume to fly;
 Fate bade victorious Fred'ric soar,
 For laurels that can never die.

Could Greece, &c.

III.

His rapid bolts tremendous break,
 Through nations arm'd in dread array,
 Swift as the furious blasts that shake
 The bosom of the frightened sea.

Could Greece, &c.

IV.

In vain, to shake the throne of Jove,
 With impious rage, the giants try'd;
 'Gainst Fred'rick's force the nations strove
 In vain—their haughty legions dy'd.

Could Greece, &c.

V.

While Prudence guides his chariot wheels,
 Thro' Virtue's sacred paths they roll;
 Immortal Truth his bosom steels,
 And guards him glorious to the goal.

Could Greece, &c.

VI.

The vengeful lance Britannia wields,
 In consort with her brave ally,
 Saves her fair roses in the fields,
 Where Gaul's detested lillies die.
 Wreaths of eternal friendship spring,
 'Twixt mighty George and Prussia's King.

VII.

The jocund bowl let Britons raise,
 And crown the jovial board with mirth;
 Fill—to great Frederick's length of days,
 And hail the hero's glorious birth—
 Could Greece, or conquering Carthage sing
 A chieftain fam'd like Prussia's King!

A N

O

D

E

COMPOSED FOR THE BIRTH-DAY OF THE LATE
 GENERAL LORD BLAKENEY.

I.

THE Muses harps, by Concord strung!
 Loud let them strike the festal lay,
 Wak'd by Britannia's grateful tongue,
 To hail her hero's natal day.
 Arise, paternal glory rise,
 And lift your Blakeney to the skies!

Behold

II.

Behold his warlike banners wave!

Like Britain's oak the hero stands:

The shield—the shelter of the brave!

The guardian o'er the British bands!

Arise, paternal, &c.

III.

He wrests the wreath from Richlieu's * brows,

Which Fraud or Faction planted there;

France to the gallant hero bows,

And Europe's chiefs his name revere.

Arise, paternal, &c.

IV.

With partial conquest on their side!

The sons of Gaul—a pageant crew!

Rank, but inglorious in their pride,

To Blakeney, and his vanquish'd few.

Arise, paternal, &c.

V.

Hibernia †, with maternal care,

His labour'd statue lifts on high:

Be partial, Time!—the trophy spare,

That Blakeney's name may never die!

Arise, paternal glory, rise!

And lift your Blakeney to the skies.

* Richlieu, commander of the expedition against Port-Mahon.

† A statue was erected in Dublin to the memory of Gen. Blakeney, who was a native of Ireland.

ON A VERY YOUNG LADY.

SEE how the buds and blossoms shoot;
 How sweet will be the summer fruit!
 Let us behold the infant rose;
 How fragrant when its beauty blows!
 The morning smiles, serenely gay;
 How bright will be the promis'd day!
 Contemplate next the charming maid,
 In early innocence array'd!
 If, in the morning of her years,
 A lustre so intense appears,
 When time shall point her noon-tide rays,
 When her meridian charms shall blaze,
 None but the eagle-ey'd must gaze.

A
S O N N E T:

ADDRESSED TO MISS S——.

I.

WHEN Flora decks the mantling bowers,
 In elegant array,
 And scatters all her opening flowers,
 A compliment to May!

With

II.

With glowing joy my bosom beats;
 I gaze delighted round,
 And wish to see the various sweets
 In one rich nosegay bound.

III.

'Tis granted—and their bloom display'd,
 To bless my wond'ring view;
 I see them all—my beauteous maid,
 I see them all in—You.

A N A C R E O N.

O D E V. I M I T A T E D.

T H E

R O S E.

S H E D R O S E S in the sprightly juice,
 Prepar'd for every social use!
 So shall the earthly nectar prove
 A draught for All-Imperial Jove.

Our selves, with rosey chaplets bound,
 Shall sing, and set the goblet round.

Thee, ever gentle Rose, we greet,
 We worship thee, delicious sweet!
 For tho' by mighty Gods carefs'd,
 You deign to make us mortals blest.

The Cupids, and the Graces fair,
 With myrtle sprigs adorn their hair;
 And nimbly strike cœlestial ground,
 Eternal Roses blooming round.

Bring us more sweets, 'ere these expire,
 And reach me that harmonious lyre:
 Gay Bacchus, Jove's convivial son,
 Shall lead us to his fav'rite ton:
 Among the sporting youths and maids,
 Beneath the vine's auspicious shades,
 For ever young—for ever gay,
 We'll dance the jovial hours away.

MOSCHUS.

M O S C H U S.

I D Y L L I U M VII.

(AS TRANSLATED BY DR. BROOME.)

T O T H E
E V E N I N G S T A R.

HAIL, Golden Star, of ray serene!
 Thou fav'rite of the Cyprian Queen!
 O Hesper! glory of the night,
 Diffusing thro' the gloom, delight!
 Whose beams, all other stars outshine,
 As much as silver Cynthia, thine:
 O guide me, speeding o'er the plain,
 To him I love, my shepherd swain;
 He keeps the mirthful feast, and soon
 Dark shades will cloud the splendid moon.
 Of lambs I never robb'd the fold,
 Nor the lone traveller of gold:
 Love is my crime: O! lend thy ray
 To guide a lover on her way.
 May the bright star of Venus prove
 The gentle harbinger of Love!

*** To this Idyllium (translated by Dr. BROOME) the Author
 owns himself indebted for a hint, from which the following Pasto-
 ral proceeds.

A P A S-

A

P A S T O R A L.

I.

WHERE the fond zephir thro' the woodbine
plays,

And wakes sweet fragrance in the mantling bow'r,
Near to that grove my lovely bridegroom stays
Impatient,—for 'tis past—the promis'd hour!

II.

Lend me thy light, O ever-sparkling star!

Bright Hesper! in thy glowing pomp array'd,
Look down, look down, from thy all-glorious car,
And beam protection on a wand'ring maid.

III.

'Tis to escape the penetrating spy,

And pass, unnotic'd, from malignant sight,

This dreary waste, full resolute, I try,

And trust my footsteps to the shades of night.

IV.

The Moon has slipp'd behind an envious cloud,

Her smiles, so gracious, I no longer view;

Let her remain behind that envious shroud,

My hopes, bright Hesperus, depend on you.

No

V.

No rancour ever reach'd my harmless breast;
 I hurt no birds, nor rob the bustling bee:
 Hear, then, what Love and Innocence request,
 And shed your kindest influence on me.

VI.

Thee—Venus loves—First twinkler of the sky,
 Thou art her star—in golden radiance gay!
 On my distresses cast a pitying eye,
 Assist me—for, alas! I've lost my way.

VII.

I see the darling of my soul—my Love!
 Expression can't the mighty rapture tell:
 He leads me to the bosom of the grove:
 Thanks, gentle star—kind Hesperus, farewell!

T O

C H L O E,

IN AN ILL HUMOUR.

I.

CONSIDER, sweet maid, and endeavour
 To conquer that pride in thy breast;
 It is not an haughty behaviour
 Will set off thy charms to the best.

The

II.

The ocean, when calm, may delight you,
 But should a bold tempest arise,
 The billows enrag'd would affright you :
 Loud objects of awful surprize !

III.

'Tis thus, when good humour diffuses
 Its beams o'er the face of a fair ;
 With rapture his heart a man loses,
 While frowns turn love to despair.

E P I G R A M S, &c.

A N E P I G R A M.

A Member of the modern great
 Pass'd Sawney with his budget,
 The Peer was in a car of state,
 The tinker forc'd to trudge it.

But Sawney shall receive the praise
 His Lordship would parade for ;
 One's debtor for his dapple greys,
 And t'other's shoes are paid for.

A N O-

A N O T H E R.

TO Wasteall, whose eyes were just closing in death,
 Doll counted the chalks on the door ;
 In peace, cry'd the wretch, let me give up my breath,
 And Fate will soon rub out my score.

Come, bailiffs, cries Doll, (how I'll hamper this
 cheat !)

Let the law be no longer delay'd,
 I never once heard of that fellow call'd Fate,
 And by G—d he shan't die 'till I'm paid.

ON MR. CHURCHILL'S DEATH.

SAYS Tom to Richard, Churchill's dead ;
 Says Richard, Tom, you lie,
 Old Rancour the report hath spread,
 But Genius cannot die.

A POST-

A P O S T S C R I P T.

WOULD honest Tom G——d* get rid of a
scold,

The torture, the plague of his life!
Pray tell him to take down his lion of gold,
And hang up his brazen-fac'd wife.

E P I G R A P H

F O R

D E A N S W I F T ' S M O N U M E N T.

E X E C U T E D B Y M R . P . C U N N I N G H A M ,
S T A T U A R Y I N D U B L I N .

SAY, to the Drapier's vast unbounded fame,
What added honours can the sculptor give?
None—'tis a sanction from the Drapier's name
Must bid the sculptor and his marble live.

* Landlord of the Golden Lion, an inn in Yorkshire.

E P I.

E P I G R A M.

COULD Kate for Dick compose the Gordian
string,

The Tyburn knot how near the nuptial ring!

A loving wife, obedient to her vows,

Is bound in duty to exalt her spouse.

A P O L L O

T O

M R. C—— F——,

ON HIS BEING SATIRIZED BY AN IGNORANT
PERSON.

W HETHER he's worth your spleen or not,
You've ask'd me to determine:

I with my friend a nobler lot

Than that of trampling vermin.

A blockhead can't be worth our care,

Unless that we'd befriend him:

As you've some common sense to spare,

I'll pay what you may lend him.

O N

ON SEEING J. C——FT, ESQ. ABUSED IN A
NEWSPAPER.

WHEN a wretch to public notice,
Would a man of worth defame;
Wit, as threadbare as his coat is,
Only shews his want of shame.

Busy, pert, unmeaning parrot!
Vilest of the venal crews!
Go—and in your Grub-street garret,
Hang yourself and paltry muse.

Pity too the meddling finner
Should for hunger hang or drown:
F——x, (he must not want a dinner)
Send the scribbler half a crown.

VERSES,

V E R S E S,

BY MR. CUNNINGHAM,

WRITTEN ABOUT THREE WEEKS BEFORE HIS
DEATH.

DEAR lad, as you run o'er my rhyme,
And see my long name at the end,
You'll cry—" And has CUNNINGHAM time
" To give so much verse to his friend ?"

'Tis true, the reproof (tho' severe)
Is just from the letters I owe ;
But blameless I still may appear,
For nonsense is all I bestow.

However, for better for worse,
As Damons their Chloes receive,
Ev'n take the dull lines I rehearse—
They're all a poor friend has to give.

The Drama and I have shook hands,
We've parted, no more to engage ;
Submissive I met her commands—
For nothing can cure me of age.
VOL. LXIX. O My .

My sunshine of youth is no more!
 My mornings of pleasure are fled!
 'Tis painful my fate to endure—
 A pension supplies me with bread!

Dependant at length on the man
 Whose fortunes I struggled to raise!
 I conquer my pride as I can—
 His charity merits my praise!

His bounty proceeds from his heart;
 'Tis principle prompts the supply—
 His kindness exceeds my desert,
 And often suppresses a sigh.

But like the old horse in the song,
 I'm turn'd on the Common to graze—
 To Fortune these changes belong,
 And contented I yield to her ways!

She ne'er was my friend; thro' the day
 Her smiles were the smiles of deceit—
 At noon she'd her favours display,
 And at night let me pine at her feet.

No longer her presence I court,
 No longer I shrink at her frowns!
 Her whimsies supply me with sport—
 And her smiles I resign to the clowns!

Thus

Thus lost to each worldly desire,
And scorning all riches—all fame,
I quietly hope to retire
When time shall the summons proclaim.

I've nothing to weep for behind!
To part with my friends is the worst!
Their numbers, I grant, are confin'd;
But you are, still, one of the first.

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END OF CUNNINGHAM'S POEMS.

THE
P O E M S

OF

MATTHEW GREEN.

VOL. LXIX.

P

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T H E S P L E E N*.

AN EPISTLE TO MR. CUTHBERT JACKSON.

THIS motley piece to you I send,
 Who always were a faithful friend ;
 Who, if disputes should happen hence,
 Can best explain the author's sense ;
 And, anxious for the public weal,
 Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,
 Allowing for a vapour'd Muse ;
 Nor to a narrow path confin'd,
 Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine, you may trace
 Throughout the fire's transmitted face.
 Nothing is stol'n : my Muse, though mean,
 Draws from the spring she finds within ;
 Nor vainly buys what † Gildon sells,
 Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,
 Where all the ancient treasures lie,

* " In this Poem," Mr. Melmoth says, " there are more original thoughts thrown together than he had ever read in the same compass of lines.

Fitzosborne's Letters, p. 114.

† Gildon's Art of Poetry.

And there unseen commit a theft
 On wealth in Greek exchequers left.
 Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
 Who only with the moderns deal?
 This were attempting to put on
 Raiment from naked bodies won * :
 They safely sing before a thief,
 They cannot give who want relief;
 Some few excepted, names well known,
 And justly laurel'd with renown,
 Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
 And theft detects: of theft beware;
 From More † so lash'd, example fit,
 Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
 To write a treatise on the Spleen;
 Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;
 Nor mend th' alarum watch, your pulse.
 If I am right, your question lay,
 What course I take to drive away
 The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas
 Men prove mere suicides in ease;
 And how I do myself demean
 In stormy world to live serene.

* A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
 Which from a naked Pict his grandfire won.

Howard's British Princes.

† James More Smith, Esq; See Dunciad, B. ii. l. 50. and
 the notes, where the circumstances of the transaction here alluded
 to are very fully explained.

When by its magic lantern Spleen
With frightful figures spreads life's scene,
And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,
A stranger to the luck of heirs ;
Reason, some quiet to restore,
Shew'd part was substance, shadow more ;
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
But swam, 'till Fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food
To mend viscosity of blood.
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
Of easy access to the poor ;
Thy help love's confessors implore,
And doctors secretly adore ;
To thee, I fly, by thee dilute—
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
And by swift current throws off clean
Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myself a cup too low,
And seldom Cloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of spirits, which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood :
But after no field-honours itch,
Achiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal fires inclines the head,

Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
 And jovial cry awake the morn.
 These see her from the dusky plight,
 Smear'd by th' embraces of the night,
 With rosal wash redeem her face,
 And prove herself of Titan's race,
 And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
 Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
 Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
 Exulting at the hark-away,
 And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
 From lungs robust field-notes resound.
 Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
 Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view;
 While all their spirits are on wing,
 And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen;
 Some recommend the bowling-green;
 Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
 Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
 Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
 Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
 And kitten, if the humour hit,
 Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf;
 At some partic'lars let us laugh.
 Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
 That stimulates their impotence;
 Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
 Err with their wings for want of eyes.

Poor authors worshipping a calf,
 Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
 A strict dissenter saying grace,
 A lect'rer preaching for a place,
 Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
 Making the past the future tense,
 The popish dubbing of a priest,
 Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
 Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
 Great Æsculapius on his stage,
 A miser starving to be rich,
 The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
 A jointur'd widow's ritual state,
 Two Jews disputing tête à tête,
 New almanacs compos'd by seers,
 Experiments on felons ears,
 Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
 The superb muscle of the eye,
 A coquet's April-weather face,
 A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
 And fops in military shew,
 Are sov'reign for the case in view.

If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
 I clear my ev'ning with a play,
 Or to some concert take my way.
 The company, the shine of lights,
 The scenes of humour, music's flights,
 Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
 To others' grief attention raise :

Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy by pitying woe ;
There gaily comic scenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our sight.
Virtue, in charming drefs array'd,
Calling the passions to her aid,
When moral scenes juſt actions join,
Takes ſhape, and ſhews her face divine.

 Muſic has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does ſound's high pow'r advance,
To muſic's pipe the paſſions dance ;
Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have ſhewn,
Tarantulated by a tune.

Many have held the ſoul to be
Nearly ally'd to harmony.
Her have I known indulging grief,
And ſhunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and looking round,
Own, by neglecting ſorrow's wound,
The conſanguinity of ſound.

 In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will ſurely be too hard ;
Which, like thoſe fiſh by ſailors met,
Fly higheſt, while their wings are wet.
In ſuch dull weather, ſo unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure ſky,
That's fit for ſimile, deny,

I drefs my face with ftudious looks,
And fhorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That mem'ry minds not what is read,
I fit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark :
Or to fome coffee-houfe I ftay
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd difcourfes gather,
That politics go by the weather :
Then feek good-humour'd tavern chums,
And play at cards, but for fmall fums ;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh ;
Or drink a joco-ferious cup
With fouls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heav'n to be ferene ;
Pain, hell, and purgatory, fpleen.

Sometimes I drefs, with women fit,
And chat away the gloomy fit ;
Quit the ftiff garb of ferious fenfe,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor fpeak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins ;
Talk of unfual fwell of waift
In maid of honour loofely lac'd,
And beauty borr'wing Spanifh red,
And loving pair with fep'rate bed,

And

And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame ;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)
Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin :
And thus in modish manner we,
In aid of sugar, sweet tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its shrine,
And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praise.
With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien
You excommunicate the Spleen,
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing ;
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kifs ;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-air'd soul, inclin'd to sport,
Renounces wisdom's fullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays,
'That from black eyes scintillant blaze ?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompass'd with Satellite beams.

But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And raptur'd fix in such a face,
Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its snow;
Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood long congealed liquefies!
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are ador'd while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debas'd,
In half the female world at least!
Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone;
And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deflow'r the virgin heart;
Of every folly-foft'ring bed
By quick'ning heat of custom bred.
Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
Desist, and give us nature wild,
Delighted with a hoyden soul,
Which truth and innocence controul.

Coquets,

Coquets, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts ;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,
You shew so plain, you strive to kill.
In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss who never aim.

The world's great author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife
To solace the fatigues of life ;
And old inspired times display,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of controul,
And house-wife arts adorn'd the soul ;
And charms, the gift of nature, shone ;
And jealousy, a thing unknown :
Veils were the only masks they wore ;
Novels (receipts to make a whore)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.
Wife men did not to be thought gay,
Then compliment their pow'r away :
But lest, by frail desires misled,
The girls forbidden paths should tread,
Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall ;
We sink haw-haws, that shew them all.
Thus we at once solicit sense,
And charge them not to break the fence.
Now, if untir'd, consider friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.

I never

I never am at meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen ;
The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease :
A gypsy diction scarce known well
By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,
I shun ; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen ;
Law, grown a forest, where perplex
The mazes, and the brambles vex ;
Where its twelve verd'ers every day
Are changing still the public way :
Yet if we miss our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur ;
And wand'ers tire, and tear their skin,
And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
No compter-writs me agitate ;
Who moralizing pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate,
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclin'd,
Enters a caveat in the mind : .

Experience

Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,
Subsiding settles into Spleen.
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I run away from party-strife.
A prince's cause, a church's claim,
I've known to raise a mighty flame,
And priest, as stoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicals decree
Small beer the deadliest heresy ;
Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the most noted whore alive ;
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made,
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
And in whose gay red-letter'd face
We read good-living more than grace :
Nor they so pure, and so precise,
Immac'late as their white of eyes,
Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,
Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
To the state's mellow forms prefer ;
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
And samples of heart-chested grace
Expose in shew-glass of the face,

Did

Did never me as yet provoke
Either to honour band and cloak,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

}

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, because they are in place ;
Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men ;
But to avoid religious jars,
The laws are my expositors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state.
I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the Caravan.
And think it right in common sense
Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine ;
To mend the world's a vast design :
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend :
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent ;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,

And.

And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeal
Each hasty promise made in zeal.
When gospel propagators say,
We're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away,
Yet none but drunken watchmen send,
And scoundrel link-boys for that end ;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every christian should be for,
Yet such as owe the law their ears,
We find employed as engineers :
This view my forward zeal so shocks,
In vain they hold the money-box.
At such a conduct, which intends
By vicious means such virtuous ends,
I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence
From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws.
The press restrain'd ! nefarious thought !
In vain our fires have nobly fought :
While free from force the press remains,
Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,
And Learning largesses bestows,
And keeps uncensur'd open house.

We

We to the nation's public mart
 Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
 And philosophic goods this way,
 Like water-carriage, cheap convey.
 This tree, which knowledge so affords,
 Inquisitors with flaming swords
 From lay approach with zeal defend,
 Lest their own paradise should end.
 The press from her fecundous womb
 Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
 Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
 Truth's banner wav'd in open air;
 The monster Superstition fled,
 And hid in shades its Gorgon head;
 And lawless pow'r, the long-kept field,
 By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
 This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence
 To chain, is treason against sense;
 And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
 None silence, who design no wrongs;
 For those, who use the gag's restraint,
 First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment gauls within,
 And subjugates the soul to Spleen,
 Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
 And bite not at projector's bait.
 Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
 And yet fresh fools are cast away.
 Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
 Their painted vessel runs aground;

Or in deep seas it overfets
 By a fierce hurricane of debts ;
 Or helm directors in one trip,
 Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
 Such was of late a corporation *,
 The brazen serpent of the nation,
 Which, when hard accidents distress'd,
 The poor must look at to be blest,
 And thence expect, with paper seal'd
 By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait
 Whole years at levees of the great,
 And hungry hopes regale the while
 On the spare diet of a smile.
 There you may see the idol stand
 With mirror in his wanton hand ;
 Above, below, now here, now there,
 He throws about the sunny glare.
 Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
 The gay delusion of their eyes.

When Fancy tries her limning skill
 To draw and colour at her will,

* The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villany of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732 the conduct of the directors of this body, became the subject of a parliamentary enquiry, and some of them who were members of the House of Commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

And raise and round the figure well,
 And shew her talent to excel,
 I guard my heart, lest it should woo
 Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
 And disappointed, feel despair
 At loss of things, that never were.

When I lean politicians mark
 Grazing on æther in the park;
 Who e'er on wing with open throats
 Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
 Just in the manner swallows use,
 Catching their airy food of news;
 Whose latrant stomachs oft molest
 The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest;
 Or see some poet pensivè sit,
 Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit:
 Who, though short-winded, still will aim
 To sound the epic trump of Fame;
 Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,
 Nor learn conviction from his coat;
 I bless my stars, I never knew
 Whimfies, which close pursu'd, undo,
 And have from old experience been
 Both parent and the child of Spleen.
 These subjects of Apollo's state,
 Who from false fire derive their fate,
 With airy purchases undone
 Of lands, which none lend money on,
 Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
 Nor lost one hour to gather bays.

Q 2

Their

Their fancies first delirious grew,
And scenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
And with false prospects cheats their eyes;
'The fabled gods the Poets sing,
A season of perpetual spring,
Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,
Affording sweets and similes,
Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred music of the Nine,
Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,
And for a vacant niche proud aim,
Ravish their souls, and plainly shew
What Fancy's sketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
'The Muse's revelations shew,
That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
'To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain;
And lott'ries never tempt the wise
With blanks so many to a prize.
I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the Muses in my way,

Scarce

Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skill'd to call them by their names.
Nor can their passports in these days,
Your profit warrant, or your praise.
On Poems by their dictates writ,
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,
And mere uphoist'ers in a trice
On gems and paintings set a price.
These tayl'ring artists for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait stays
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense, before they fit.

A common place, and many friends,
Can serve the plagiary's ends,
Whose easy vamping talent lies,
First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
Thus some devoid of art and skill
To search the mine on Pindus' hill,
Proud to aspire and workmen grow,
By genius doom'd to stay below,
For their own digging shew the town
Wit's treasure brought by others down.
Some wanting, if they find a mine,
An artist's judgment to refine,
On fame precipitately fix'd,
The ore with baser metals mix'd
Melt down, impatient of delay,
And call the vicious mass a play.
All these engage to serve their ends,
A band select of trusty friends,

Q 3

Who,

Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,
 As Psapho * taught his birds to sing;
 Then to the ladies they submit,
 Returning officers on wit:
 A crowded house their presence draws,
 And on the beaux imposes laws,
 A judgment in its favour ends,
 When all the pannel are its friends:
 Their natures merciful and mild
 Have from mere pity sav'd the child;
 In bulrush ark the bantling found
 Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,
 They have preserv'd by kind support,
 And brought the baby-muse to court.
 But there's a youth † that you can name,
 Who needs no leading-strings to fame,
 Whose quick maturity of brain
 The birth of Pallas may explain:
 Dreaming of whose depending fate,
 I heard Melpomene debate,
 This, this is he, that was foretold
 Should emulate our Greeks of old.

* Psapho was a Libyan, who desiring to be accounted a God, effected it by this means: He took young birds and taught them to sing, Psapho is a great God. When they were perfect in their lesson, he let them fly; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a Deity.

† Mr. Glover, the excellent author of Leonidas, Boadicea, Medea, &c.

Inspir'd

Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
 He sings, and rules the varied heart;
 If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
 We hear the thunder in his verse;
 If he describes love turn'd to rage,
 The furies riot in his page.
 If he fair liberty and law
 By ruffian pow'r expiring draw,
 The keener passions then engage
 Aright, and sanctify their rage;
 If he attempt disastrous love,
 We hear those complaints that wound the grove.
 Within the kinder passions glow,
 And tears distill'd from pity flow.

From the bright vision I descend,
 And my deserted them attend.

Me never did ambition seize,
 Strange fever most inflam'd by ease!
 The active lunacy of pride,
 That courts jilt Fortune for a bride,
 This par'dise-tree, so fair and high,
 I view with no aspiring eye:
 Like aspen shake the restless leaves,
 And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,
 Whence frequent falls give no surprise,
 But fits of Spleen, call'd *growing wise*.
 Greatness in glitt'ring forms display'd
 Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,
 And by its falsely-envy'd scene
 Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.

We should be pleas'd that things are so,
Who do for nothing see the show,
And, middle siz'd, can pass between
Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,
And 'midst the glare of greatness trace
A wat'ry sun-shine in the face,
And pleasures fled to, to redress
The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleasure all they find;
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress;
Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose;
And cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly:
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forc'd

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
The blithsome goddess sooths my care,
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never saw the town,
A serving-man, not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May heav'n (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cup-board, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air;

From

From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds;
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach,
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind,
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measur'd motions frisk about,
'Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,

And

And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life ;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy ;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry-smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,

Quit

Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

Th' enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.

His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,

And, hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;

Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,

Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,

Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things,

And in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.

The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems;

Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,

And Fancy's telescope applies
With tinctur'd glass to cheat his eyes.

Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light;

For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare sun-beam-written truths deny,

And execute plain common sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That

That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask.
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find.
Since optic reason shews me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain.
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders shew,
Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul;
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
O Entium Ens! divinely great!——
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:
Through fields unknown nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint,
Who features veil'd by light can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, sit?

My

My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wisdom's Syrens caught,
On quicksands swallow'd shipwreck'd thought;
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite,
Who can't be cruel or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
Transported here by angry Fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters, I can never know;
Through life's foul way, like vagrant pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last,
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance th' eternal round
Of life no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of pow'r bereave
An endless series to receive;

Then

Then, if hard dealt with here by fate,
We ballance in another state,
And conscioufness must go along,
And sign th' acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happinefs than misery,
Or be fupposed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate :
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I fteer my bark, and fail
On even keel with gentle gale ;
At helm I make my reason fit,
My crew of paffions all submit.
If dark and bluft'ring prove some nights,
Philofophy puts forth her lights ;
Experience holds the cautious glafs,
To fhun the breakers, as I pafs,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To fee what dangers may be hid ;
And once in feven years I'm feen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
Though pleas'd to fee the dolphins play,
I mind my compafs and my way,
With ftore fufficient for relief,
And wifely ftill prepar'd to reef,
Nor wanting the difperfive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the foul,

I make

I make (may heav'n propitious fend
 Such wind and weather to the end)
 Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,
 Life's voyage to the world unknown.

A N E P I G R A M,

ON THE REVEREND MR. LAURENCE ECHARD'S
 AND BISHOP GILBERT BURNET'S HISTORIES.

GIL's history appears to me
 Political anatomy,
 A case of skeletons well done,
 And malefactors every one.
 His sharp and strong incision pen
 Historically cuts up men,
 And does with lucid skill impart
 Their inward ails of head and heart.
 LAURENCE proceeds another way,
 And well-dress'd figures doth display;
 His characters are all in flesh,
 Their hands are fair, their faces fresh;
 And from his sweet'ning art derive
 A better scent than when alive.
 He wax-work made to please the sons,
 Whose fathers were GIL's skeletons.

THE SPARROW AND DIAMOND.

A S O N G.

I.

I Lately saw, what now I sing,
Fair Lucia's hand display'd;
This finger grac'd a diamond ring,
On that a sparrow play'd.

II.

The feather'd play-thing she caress'd,
She stroak'd its head and wings;
And while it nestled on her breast,
She lisp'd the dearest things.

III.

With chizzled bill a spark ill-set
He loosen'd from the rest,
And swallow'd down to grind his meat,
The easier to digest.

IV.

She seiz'd his bill with wild affright,
Her diamond to descry:
'Twas gone! she sicken'd at the sight,
Moaning her bird would die.

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R

V. The

V.

The tongue-ty'd knocker none might use,
The curtains none undraw,
The footmen went without their shoes,
The street was laid with straw.

VI.

The doctor us'd his oily art
Of strong emetic kind,
Th' apothecary play'd his part,
And engineer'd behind.

VII.

When physic ceas'd to spend its store,
To bring away the stone,
Dicky, like people given o'er,
Picks up, when let alone.

VIII.

His eyes dispell'd their sickly dews,
He peck'd behind his wing;
Lucia recovering at the news,
Relapses for the ring.

IX.

Mean while within her beauteous breast
Two different passions strove;
When av'rice ended the contest,
And triumph'd over love.

X.

Poor little, pretty, fluttering thing,
Thy pains the sex display,
Who only to repair a ring,
Could take thy life away.

XI. Drive

XI.

Drive av'rice from your breasts, ye fair,
 Monster of foulest mien :
 Ye would not let it harbour there,
 Could but its form be seen.

XII.

It made a virgin put on guile,
 Truth's image break her word,
 A Lucia's face forbear to smile,
 A Venus kill her bird.

J O V E A N D S E M E L E.

*Occasioned by a Lady's saying, That none of the ancient
 poetical stories reflected so much on the vanity of women,
 as that of Phaëton does on the ambition of men.*

J O V E for amusement quitted oft his skies,
 To visit earth, contracted to our size ;
 And lov'd (however things in heav'n might go)
 Exceedingly a game of romps below.
 Miss Semele he pick'd up, as he went,
 And thought he pleas'd her to her heart's content.
 But minds aspiring ne'er can be at ease ;
 Once known a god, as man he ceas'd to please.
 In tenderest time, which women know, 'tis said,
 Thus she bespoke the loving god in bed.
 Thou, who gav'st Dædalus his mazy art,
 And knowest all things but a woman's heart,

R 2

Hear

Hear my request for something yet untry'd,
And swear by Styx, I shall not be deny'd.

Fond Jove, like men, the better to succeed,
Took any oath; then bade the girl proceed.
In human guise, great Jove, leave off to rove,
Deceiving woman-kind, and pilf'ring love:
What are those joys, which as a man you give,
To what a god of thunder can atchieve?
Such weight of love, and might of limbs employ,
As give immortal madams heav'nly joy.

Jove came array'd, as bound by cruel fate,
And Semele enjoy'd the god in state:
When flaming splendors round his beamy head
Divinely shone, and struck the mortal dead.

Faint from the course though we awhile retreat,
To cool and breathe before another heat;
The gods can't know, fresh with eternal prime,
Love's stinted pause, nor want recruits from time;
But must with unabating ardours kiss,
And bear down nature with excess of bliss.

Learn hence, each fair one, whom like beauties grace,
Possess'd of lawless empire by your face,
Not to do what you list, because you may,
Let cool discretion warm desires allay;
And itching curiosity believe,
A lurking taint deriv'd from mother Eve.
Spare then the men, ye fair, and frankly own,
Your sex, like ours, has had its Phaëton.

T H E S E E K E R.

W H E N I first came to London, I rambled about
From sermon to sermon, took a slice and went
out.

Then on me, in divinity batchelor, try'd
Many priests to obtrude a Levitical bride;
And urging their various opinions, intended
To make me wed systems, which they recommended.

Said a letch'rous old fry'r skulking near Lincoln's-inn,
(Whose trade's to absolve, but whose pastime's to sin;
Who, spider-like, seizes weak protestant flies,
Which hung in his sophistry cobweb he spies;)
Ah! pity your soul; for without our church pale,
If you happen to die, to be damn'd you can't fail;
The Bible, you boast, is a wild revelation:
Hear a church that can't err if you hope for salvation.

Said a formal non-con, (whose rich stock of grace
Lies forward expos'd in shop-window of face,)
Ah! pity your soul: come, be of our sect:
For then you are safe, and may plead you're elect.
As it stands in the Acts, we can prove ourselves saints,
Being Christ's little flock every where spoke against.

Said a jolly church parson, (devoted to ease,
While penal law dragons guard his golden fleece,)
If you pity your soul, I pray listen to neither;
The first is in error, the last a deceiver:

That our's is the true church, the sense of our tribe is,
And surely *in medio tutissimus ibis*.

Said a yea and nay friend with a stiff hat and band,
(Who while he talk'd gravely would hold forth his hand,)
Dominion and wealth are the aim of all three,
Though about ways and means they may all disagree;
Then prithee be wise, go the quakers bye-way,
'Tis plain, without turnpikes, so nothing to pay.

ON BARCLAY'S APOLOGY FOR THE QUAKERS *.

THESE sheets primæval doctrines yield,
Where revelation is reveal'd;
Soul-phlegm from literal feeding bred,
Systems lethargic to the head
They purge, and yield a diet thin,
That turns to gospel-chyle within.
Truth sublimate may here be seen
Extracted from the parts terrene.

* This celebrated book was written by its author, both in Latin and English, and was afterwards translated into High Dutch, Low Dutch, French, and Spanish, and probably into other languages. It has always been esteemed a very ingenious defence of the principles of Quakerism, even by those who deny the doctrines which it endeavours to establish. The author was born at Edinburgh in 1648, and received part of his education at the Scots College in Paris, where his uncle was principal. His father became one of the earliest converts to the new sect, and from his example, the son seems to have been induced to tread in his steps. He died on the 3d of October, 1690, in the 42d year of his age.

In

In these is shewn, how men obtain
 What of Prometheus poets feign :
 To scripture-plainness dress is brought,
 And speech, apparel to the thought.
 They hiss from instinct at red coats,
 And war, whose work is cutting throats,
 Forbid, and press the law of love :
 Breathing the spirit of the dove.
 Lucrative doctrines they detest,
 As manufactur'd by the priest ;
 And throw down turnpikes, where we pay
 For stuff, which never mends the way ;
 And tythes, a Jewish tax, reduce,
 And frank the gospel for our use.
 They sable standing armies break ;
 But the militia useful make :
 Since all unhir'd may preach and pray,
 Taught by these rules as well as they ;
 Rules, which, when truths themselves reveal,
 Bid us to follow what we feel.
 The world can't hear the small still voice,
 Such is its bustle and its noise ;
 Reason the proclamation reads,
 But not one riot passion heeds.
 Wealth, honour, power the graces are,
 Which here below our homage share :
 They, if one votary they find
 To mistress more divine inclin'd,
 In truth's pursuit to cause delay
 Throw golden apples in his way.

Place me, O Heav'n, in some retreat ;
 There let the serious death-watch beat,
 There let me self in silence shun,
 To feel thy will, which should be done.

Then comes the Spirit to our hut,
 When fast the senses' doors are shut ;
 For so divine and pure a guest
 The emptiest rooms are furnish'd best.

O Contemplation ! air serene !
 From damps of sense, and fogs of spleen !
 Pure mount of thought ! thrice holy ground,
 Where grace, when waited for, is found.

Here 'tis the soul feels sudden youth,
 And meets exulting, virgin Truth ;
 Here, like a breeze of gentlest kind,
 Impulses rustle through the mind ;
 Here shines that light with glowing face,
 The fuse divine, that kindles grace ;
 Which, if we trim our lamps, will last,
 'Till darkness be by dying past.
 And then goes out at end of night,
 Extinguish'd by superior light.

Ah me ! the heats and colds of life,
 Pleasure's and pain's eternal strife,
 Breed stormy passions, which confin'd,
 Shake, like th' Æolian cave, the mind,
 And raise despair ; my lamp can last,
 Plac'd where they drive the furious blast,

False eloquence ! big empty sound !
 Like showers that rush upon the ground !

Little beneath the surface goes,
 All streams along, and muddy flows.
 This sinks, and swells the buried grain,
 And fructifies like southern rain.

His art, well hid in mild discourse,
 Exerts persuasion's winning force,
 And nervates so the good design,
 That king Agrippa's case is mine.

Well-natur'd, happy shade, forgive!
 Like you I think, but cannot live.
 Thy scheme requires the world's contempt,
 That from dependence life exempt;
 And constitution fram'd so strong,
 This world's worst climate cannot wrong.
 Not such my lot, not Fortune's brat,
 I live by pulling off the hat;
 Compell'd by station every hour
 To bow to images of power;
 And in life's busy scenes immers'd,
 See better things, and do the worst.

Eloquent Want, whose reasons sway,
 And make ten thousand truths give way,
 While I your scheme with pleasure trace,
 Draws near, and stares me in the face.
 Consider well your state, she cries,
 Like others kneel, that you may rise;
 Hold doctrines, by no scruples vex'd,
 To which preferment is annex'd;
 Nor madly prove, where all depends,
 Idolatry upon your friends.

See.

See, how you like my rueful face,
Such you must wear, if out of place.
Crack'd is your brain to turn recluse
Without one farthing out at use.
They, who have lands, and safe bank-stock,
With faith so founded on a rock,
May give a rich invention ease,
And construe scripture how they please.

The honour'd prophet, that of old
Us'd Heav'n's high counsels to unfold,
Did, more than courier angels, greet
The crows, that brought him bread and meat.

T H E G R O T T O *.

WRITTEN BY MR. GREEN, UNDER THE NAME OF
PETER DRAKE, A FISHERMAN OF BRENTFORD.

PRINTED IN THE YEAR 1732, BUT NOT PUBLISHED.

*Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum,
Atque inter silvas Academi quærere verum.* HOR.

Our wits Apollo's influence beg,
The Grotto makes them all with egg:
Finding this chalkstone in my nest,
I strain, and lay among the rest.

A DIEU awhile, forsaken flood,
To ramble in the Delian wood,
And pray the God my well-meant song
May not my subject's merit wrong.

Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace
Gives leave to view what beauties grace
Your flow'ry banks, if you have seen
The much-sung Grotto of the Queen.
Contemplative, forget awhile
Oxonian towers, and Windsor's pile,

* A building in Richmond Gardens, erected by Queen Caroline, and committed to the custody of Stephen Duck. At the time this poem was written many other verses appeared on the same subject.

And

And Wolsey's * pride (his greatest guilt)
 And what great William since has built ;
 And flowing fast by Richmond scenes,
 † (Honour'd retreat of two great queens)
 From ‡ Sion-house, whose proud survey
 Brow-beats your flood, look cross the way,
 And view, from highest swell of tide,
 'The milder scenes of Surry side.

Though yet no palace grace the shore,
 To lodge that pair you should adore ;
 Nor abbies, great in ruin, rise,
 Royal equivalents for vice ;
 Behold a Grott, in Delphic grove,
 'The Graces' and the Muses' love.
 (O, might our Laureat study here,
 How would he hail his new-born year !)
 A temple from vain glories free,
 Whose goddess is Philosophy,
 Whose sides such licens'd idols crown
 As superstition would pull down ;
 The only pilgrimage I know,
 That men of sense would choose to go :
 Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,
 Urania cheers with heavenly voice,

* Hampton Court, begun by cardinal Wolsey, and improved by king William III.

† Queen Anne, consort of king Richard II. and Queen Elizabeth, both died at Richmond.

‡ Sion House is now a seat belonging to the duke of Northumberland.

While all the Virtues gather round,
 To see her consecrate the ground.
 If thou, the God with winged feet,
 In council talk of this retreat,
 And jealous gods resentment show
 At altars rais'd to men below ;
 Tell those proud lords of heaven, 'tis fit
 Their house our heroes should admit ;
 While each exists, as poets sing,
 A lazy lewd immortal thing,
 They must (or grow in disrepute)
 With earth's first commoners recruit.

Needless it is in terms unskill'd
 To praise whatever Boyle * shall build ;
 Needless it is the busts to name
 Of men, monopolists of fame ;
 Four chiefs adorn the modest stone †,
 For virtue as for learning known ;
 The thinking sculpture helps to raise
 Deep thoughts, the genii of the place :
 To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
 Their silence speaks, and shade gives light :
 While insects from the threshold preach,
 And minds dispos'd to musing teach :

* Richard Boyle, earl of Burlington, a nobleman remarkable for his fine taste in architecture. " Never was protection and great wealth more generously and judiciously diffused than by this great person, who had every quality of a genius and artist, except envy." He died December 4, 1753.

† The author should have said five ; there being the busts of Newton, Locke, Wollaston, Clarke, and Boyle.

Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,
 They perish by the slightest bruise ;
 Or maladies, begun within,
 Destroy more slow life's frail machine ;
 From maggot-youth through change of state,
 They feel like us the turns of Fate ;
 Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,
 And change earth-cells for dwellings high ;
 And some that did their six wings keep,
 Before they dy'd been forc'd to creep,
 They politics like ours profess,
 The greater prey upon the less :
 Some strain on foot huge loads to bring ;
 Some toil incessant on the wing ;
 And in their different ways explore
 Wise sense of want by future store ;
 Nor from their vigorous schemes desist
 'Till death, and then are never miss'd.
 Some frolic, toil, marry, increase,
 Are sick and well, have war and peace,
 And, broke with age, in half a day
 Yield to successors, and away.

Let not profane this sacred place,
 Hypocrisy with Janus' face ;
 Or Pomp, mixt state of pride and care ;
 Court kindness, Falshood's polish'd ware ;
 Scandal disguis'd in Friendship's veil,
 That tells, unask'd, th' injurious tale ;
 Or art politic, which allows
 The jesuit-remedy for vows ;

Or priest, perfuming crowned head,
'Till in a swoon Truth lies for dead ;
Or tawdry critic, who perceives
No grace, which plain proportion gives,
And more than lineaments divine
Admires the gilding of the shrine ;
Or that self-haunting spectre Spleen,
In thickest fog the clearest seen ;
Or Prophecy, which dreams a lye,
That fools believe and knaves apply ;
Or frolic Mirth, profanely loud,
And happy only in a crowd ;
Or Melancholy's pensive gloom,
Proxy in Contemplation's room.

O Delia ! when I touch this string,
To thee my Muse directs her wing.
Unspotted fair ! with downcast look
Mind not so much the murm'ring brook ;
Nor fixt in thought, with footsteps slow
Through cypress alleys cherish woe :
I see the soul in pensive fit,
And moping like sick linnet fit.
With dewy eye, and moulting wing,
Unperch'd, averse to fly or sing ;
I see the favourite curls begin
(Disus'd to toilet discipline)
To quit their post, lose their smart air,
And grow again like common hair ;
And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,
Raise a red circle round the eye ;

And

And by this bur about the moon,
 Conjecture more ill weather soon.
 Love not so much the doleful knell :
 And news the boding night-birds tell ;
 Nor watch the wainscot's hollow blow ;
 And hens portentous when they crow ;
 Nor sleepless mind the death-watch beat ;
 In taper find no winding-sheet :
 Nor in burnt coal a coffin see,
 Though thrown at others, meant for thee :
 Or when the corruscation gleams,
 Find out not first the bloody streams ;
 Nor in imprest remembrance keep
 Grim tap'stry figures wrought in sleep ;
 Nor rise to see in antique hall
 The moon-light monsters on the wall,
 And shadowy spectres darkly pass
 Trailing their fables o'er the grass.
 Let vice and guilt act how they please
 In souls, their conquer'd provinces ;
 By heaven's just charter it appears,
 Virtue's exempt from quartering fears,
 Shall then arm'd fancies fiercely drest,
 Live at discretion in your breast ?
 Be wise, and panic fright disdain,
 As notions, meteors of the brain ;
 And fights perform'd, illusive scene !
 By magic lanthorn of the spleen.
 Come here, from baleful cares releas'd,
 With Virtue's ticket, to a feast,

Where

Where decent mirth and wisdom join'd
In stewardship, regale the mind.
Call back the Cupids to your eyes,
I see the godlings with surprise.
Not knowing home in such a plight,
Fly to and fro, afraid to light.—

Far from my theme, from method far,
Convey'd in Venus' flying car,
I go compell'd by feather'd steeds,
That scorn the rein when Delia leads.

No daub of elegiac strain
These holy wars shall ever stain ;
As spiders Irish wainscot flee,
Falshood with them shall disagree :
This floor let not the vulgar tread,
Who worship only what they dread :
Nor bigots who but one way see
Through blinkers of authority ;
Nor they who its four saints defame
By making virtue but a name ;
Nor abstract wit, (painful regale
To hunt the pig with slippery tail !)
Artists, who richly chase their thought,
Gaudy without, but hollow wrought ;
And beat too thin, and tool'd too much
To bear the proof and standard touch :
Nor fops to guard this sylvan ark
With necklace bells in treble bark :
Nor Cynics growl and fiercely paw,
The mastiffs of the moral law.

Come, Nymph, with rural honours drest,
 Virtue's exterior form confest,
 With charms untarnish'd, innocence
 Display, and Eden shall commence;
 When thus you come in sober fit,
 And wisdom is preferr'd to wit;
 And looks diviner graces tell,
 Which don't with giggling muscles dwell;
 And beauty like the ray-clipt sun,
 With bolder eye we look upon;
 Learning shall with obsequious mien
 Tell all the wonders she has seen;
 Reason her logic armour quit,
 And proof to mild persuasion fit;
 Religion with free thought dispense,
 And cease crusading against sense;
 Philosophy and she embrace,
 And their first league again take place;
 And morals pure, in duty bound,
 Nymph-like the sisters chief surround;
 Nature shall smile, and round this cell
 The turf to your light pressure swell,
 And knowing beauty by her shoe,
 Well air its carpet from the dew.
 The Oak, while you his umbrage deck,
 Lets fall his acorns in your neck;
 Zephyr his civil kisses gives,
 And plays with curls instead of leaves:
 Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,
 And during their vacation sing;

And flow'rs lean forward from their seats
To traffic in exchange of sweets ;
And angels bearing wreaths descend,
Preferr'd as vergers to attend
This fane, whose deity intreats
The Fair to grace its upper seats.

O kindly view our letter'd strife,
And guard us through polemic life ;
From poison vehicled in praise,
For satire's shots but slightly graze ;
We claim your zeal, and find within,
Philosophy and you are kin.

What Virtue is we judge by you ;
For actions right are beauteous too ;
By tracing the sole female mind,
We best what is true Nature find :
Your vapours bred from fumes declare,
How steams create tempestuous air,
'Till gushing tears and hasty rain
Make heaven and you serene again :
Our travels through the starry skies
Were first suggested by your eyes ;
We, by the interposing fan,
Learn how eclipses first began :
The vast ellipse from Scarbro's home,
Describes how blazing comets roam ;
The glowing colours of the cheek
Their origin from Phœbus speak ;
Our watch how Luna strays above
Feels like the care of jealous love ;

And all things we in science know
From your known love for riddles flow.

Father! forgive, thus far I stray,
Drawn by attraction from my way.
Mark next with awe, the foundress well
Who on these banks delights to dwell;
You on the terrace see her plain,
Move like Diana with her train.
If you then fairly speak your mind,
In wedlock since with Isis join'd,
You'll own, you never yet did see,
At least in such a high degree,
Greatness delighted to undress;
Science a scepter'd hand caress;
A Queen the friends of freedom prize;
A woman wise men canonize.



C O N-

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